

A REINVENTION OF DICKENS'S CLASSIC CHARACTER

# FAGIN THE JEW



Will Eisner

FOREWORD BY BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



# Fagin

the



A GRAPHIC NOVEL BY

Will Eisner



# Fagin THE JEW

BY

WILL EISNER

DOUBLEDAY

New York London Toronto Sydney Auckland





## *Acknowledgments*

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*To Dave Schreiner, my thanks for his keen insight and reliable editing.*

*And as always, I acknowledge my dependence on the patient, wise, and enduring encouragement from my dear wife, Ann.*



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## Foreword

In June of 1940, I began a syndicated newspaper comic book insert called *The Spirit*, about a masked crime fighter. It featured a young African American boy, Ebony, as a humorous counterfoil. This was hardly innovative; Jack Benny had Rochester, the movies had Stepin Fetchit, and radio had Amos and Andy. These were accepted stereotypical caricatures of the time. It was an era in our cultural history when the misuse of English based on ethnic origin was fashionable humor. Ebony spoke with the classic "Negro" dialect and delivered a gentle humor that gave warmth to balance the coldness of crime stories. In my eagerness for readership, I thought I was on to a good thing.

In 1945, after an interruption for military service, I returned to the feature. By then, I had become more aware of the social implications of racial stereotypes, and I began to treat Ebony with greater insight. As often happens with cartoonists, I became very fond of him and sought to make him as

real as I imagined him. As the rising civil rights movement became more prominent, I introduced a well-spoken black detective and treated my hero's black assistant in a more sensitive manner.

One day, I received a letter from an old high school classmate who had become a civil rights activist, chiding me for abandoning the "liberal" views we shared back in school. That same day, I got a letter from the editor of a Baltimore Afro-American newspaper commending me on my "fine treatment" of Ebony in my comic strip. These letters alerted me to the reality that, while my stories were designed as entertainment, I was nonetheless feeding a racial prejudice with this stereotype image. Still looking for ethnic diversity, I replaced Ebony with an Eskimo boy and later with Sammy, a white boy. The series ended in 1952, and as I continued my career in instructional comics, I never recognized that my rendering of Ebony, when viewed historically, was in conflict with the rage



I felt when I saw anti-Semitism in art and literature.

While I didn't experience any guilt over my creation of *Ebony*, I became conscious of the problem over the years while teaching sequential art, as my lectures invariably had to confront the issue of stereotype. I concluded that there was "bad" stereotype and "good" stereotype; intention was the key. Since stereotype is an essential tool in the language of graphic storytelling, it is incumbent on cartoonists to recognize its impact on social judgment. In twenty-first-century America, we struggle with "racial profiling." We are in an era that requires graphic portrayals to be sensitive to unfair stereotypes.

So it is with this background and an awareness of the influence of imagery on the popular culture that I began to produce graphic novels with themes of Jewish eth-

nicity and the prejudice Jews still face. A few years ago, as I was examining folktales and literary classics for possible graphic adaptation, I became aware of the origins of the ethnic stereotypes we accept without question. Upon examining the illustrations of the original editions of *Oliver Twist*, I found an unquestionable example of visual defamation in classic literature. The memory of their awful use by the Nazis in World War II, one hundred years later, added evidence to the persistence of evil stereotyping. Combating it became an obsessive pursuit, and I realized that I had no choice but to undertake a truer portrait of Fagin by telling his life story in the only way I could.

This book, therefore, is not an adaptation of *Oliver Twist*! It is the story of Fagin the Jew.

—WILL EISNER, FLORIDA, 2003



**I AM  
FAGIN  
THE JEW OF  
OLIVER TWIST**

**THIS IS MY STORY, ONE THAT  
HAS REMAINED UNTOLD AND  
OVERLOOKED IN THE BOOK  
BY CHARLES DICKENS.**

TARRY  
A BIT, MISTER  
DICKENS, WHILE  
OL' FAGIN HERE  
TELLS YOU, SIR,  
**WHAT** I  
REALLY WAS  
AND HOW  
IT ALL  
CAME TO BE  
!!








*My parents arrived in London along with other Jews fleeing Middle Europe. How they managed the journey, God only knows.*

*Here they found a better community, where Jews were not subject to special laws or legal pogroms. England was a country that had long been a refuge for Spanish and Portuguese Jews known as Sephardim. They were the earliest to arrive and had become well established, whereas the newly arriving Middle Europeans were regarded as lower class. Germans, Poles, and the like were called Ashkenazim.*







I WAS AN  
INFANT WHEN  
MY PARENTS  
BROUGHT ME  
HERE, HOPING  
THEY WOULD  
FIND A GOOD  
LIFE FOR US!

*But for us, even London life was not so simple. These were grim times, and yet the best of times for us newcomers. We were uneducated and endured a pauperdom perfumed by the promise of opportunity.*

*Aye, 'twas, not to put too fine a point on it, a time when opportunity bloomed in the dirty streets of London. It was where, when I was still a mere tyke, my parents put me out to peddle needles and buttons.*





*I was "educated" by my father, who, having learned by emulating other Jews, had become skilled in the trades of the street.*

COME, MY  
SON...WATCH  
ME AND LEARN  
A THING OR  
TWO!

WILL YOU HELP  
A POOR JEW?

SIR! I'LL  
SELL YOU THIS  
GOLD WATCH  
FOR ONLY A  
SHILLING!

AH, AH,  
JEW, IS A  
THAT IS A  
VERY GOOD  
PRICE INDEED!  
I'LL BUY IT  
... HERE IS  
THE  
SHILLING!

NOW,  
GIVE ME  
THE  
WATCH!

WA IT!

THIS  
COIN  
YOU  
GAVE  
ME  
IS  
A FAKE,  
SIR.  
AFAKE  
COIN!

HERE,  
I GIVE  
YOU  
BACK  
YOUR  
COIN!!  
CHEAT  
POOR  
JEW  
EH EH?

BUT  
I...



COME, MY SON!  
WE DO NOT DO ANY  
BUSINESS WITH RICH  
MEN WHO PREY  
ON THE POOR!



SO I  
DID!

PAPPA... YOU SWITCHED  
IT... HIS WAS A GOOD  
COIN... BUT YOU GAVE  
HIM BACK A BAD  
ONE!?



AH, MOSES MY BOY,  
THESE ARE TIMES THAT  
ASK FOR CERTAIN  
SKILLS OF SURVIVAL,  
YOU SEE!



*This was the nature of my formative years...  
until I neared my thirteenth birthday.*

NOW  
MOSES,  
IT IS  
TIME TO  
PREPARE  
FOR YOUR  
BAR MITZVAH.

OH  
NO! NO  
MAMMA!  
I WANT  
TO GO TO  
AN ENGLISH  
SCHOOL!

A FOOLISH DREAM,  
BOY... THAT IS FOR  
SEPHARDIM... NOT  
FOR US!

WE  
WILL  
SEND  
YOU TO  
RABBI  
COHEN!





# Study

"...AND YOU, MOSES? WHY ARE YOU CRYING?!"

BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO BE A JEW IN THIS COUNTRY. WE ARE ONLY POOR BEGGARS HERE.

I ASK YOU, WHERE ELSE IS IT SO GOOD FOR THE JEWS... EH? EH?

ENGLAND IS A TOLERANT COUNTRY. AND WHILE IT IS NOT QUITE A LAND OF MILK AND HONEY, A JEW CAN MAKE, HERE, A LIVING... EVEN IF ONE ISN'T FROM SPAIN OR PORTUGAL... A SEPHARDIC!

HERE WE SEE THE MONTEFIORE'S, THE GREAT D'ACOSTA AND D'ISRAELI FAMILIES THRIVING... EVEN LORD GEORGE GORDON, A PROTESTANT, CONVERTED AND BECAME A JEW! ...YES, THINGS ARE GOOD HERE!

ON THE OTHER HAND, FOR THOSE WHO CAME LATER FROM EUROPE... A LIFE OF BEGGING AND PEDDLING IN THE STREET IS ALL THAT THEY HAVE!



*Meanwhile, even as I began my young manhood, I remained in the streets with my father.*



MOSES, MOSES!  
COME WITH ME...  
HURRY!

YES  
PAPPA.



HURRY,  
MOSES!!  
TODAY WE  
ARE GOING  
TO SEE A  
BOXING  
MATCH!  
A VERY  
IMPORTANT  
DAY FOR  
JEWS!

TODAY, DANIEL MENDOZA,  
OUR GREAT JEWISH BOXER,  
WILL FIGHT JOE WARD THE  
GENTILE!... HURRY!



HO!!  
WILL ANY-  
ONE PLACE  
A WAGER  
ON THE STAR  
OF ISRAEL?  
HO!



SIR!!  
I WILL  
WAGER  
ONE SHILLING  
ON OUR  
MENDOZA  
!!

YOU  
HAVE  
IT!!

THE  
JEW  
WON'T  
WIN!  
JEWS DON'T  
FIGHT...  
THEY  
STEAL!  
HA, HA,  
HA!!

HE WILL WIN, MOSES!  
HE WILL WIN! HE HAS  
INVENTED A SCIENTIFIC  
BOXING... YOU'LL SEE,  
YOU'LL SEE!!



SEE HOW HE  
DANCES...BACK  
AND FORTH, WHILE  
HIS OPPONENT ONLY  
FLAILS LIKE AN APE!



THEN HE  
FLICKS HIM  
WITH A QUICK  
PUNCH TO THE  
FACE!!



SEE  
HOW  
HARD  
WARD  
SWINGS  
BACK  
WILDLY!



MENDOZA  
IS IN  
FULL  
CONTROL  
NOW!



ROUND  
AFTER  
ROUND!







SEE...MENDOZA  
NEVER TIRES  
... NEVER!!



HURRAH!!  
MENDOZA  
WINS!

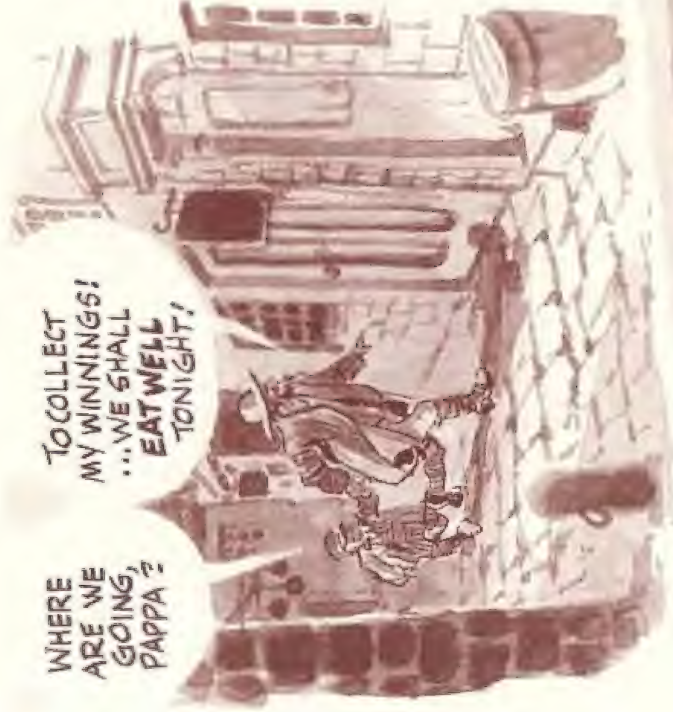


OH  
PAPPA,  
THEY  
FOUGHT  
FOR  
26  
ROUNDS  
!

THANK GOD, THANK  
GOD!! NOW WALL ENGLAND  
WILL KNOW THAT JEWS  
CAN FIGHT BACK!

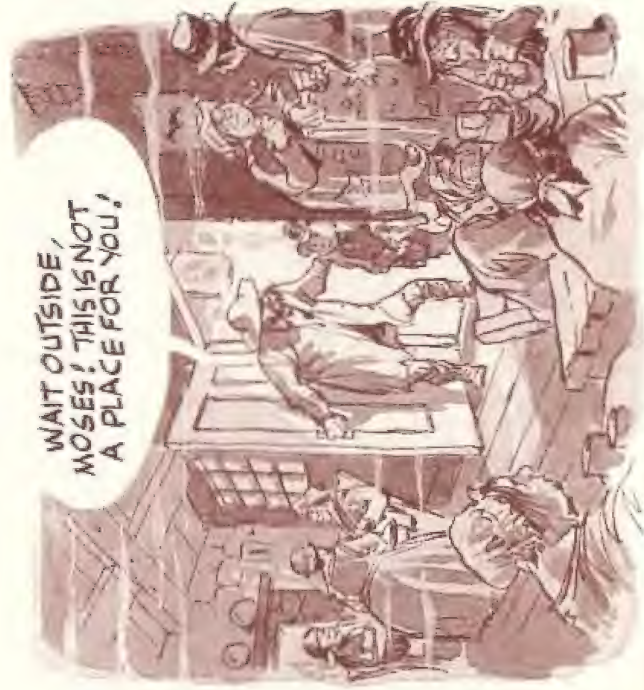




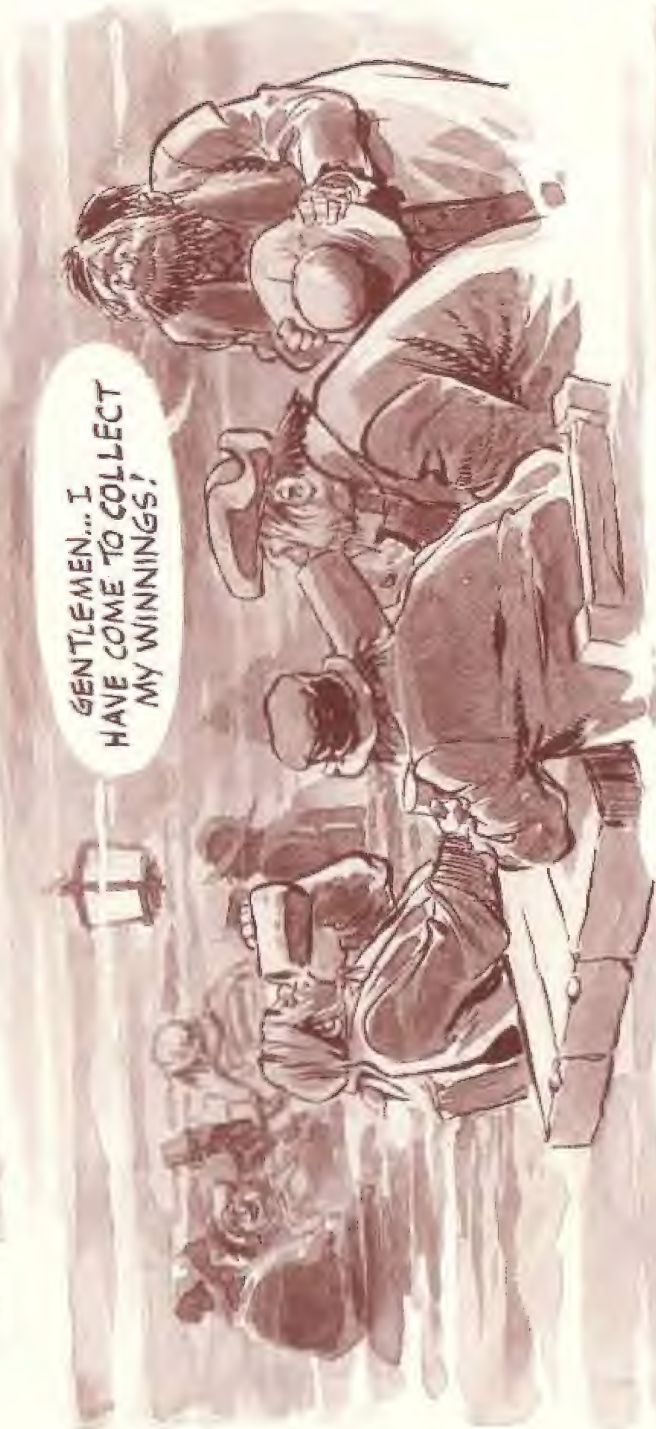


WHERE  
ARE WE  
GOING,  
PAPPA?

TO COLLECT  
MY WINNINGS!  
...WE SHALL  
EAT WELL  
TONIGHT!



WAIT OUTSIDE,  
MOSES! THIS IS NOT  
A PLACE FOR YOU!



GENTLEMEN... I  
HAVE COME TO COLLECT  
MY WINNINGS!



WHAT  
WINNINGS  
?

ALL  
YOU  
JEWS ARE  
ALIKE!  
MONEY,  
MONEY,  
MONEY!

DID ANYONE  
SEE HIM MAKE  
A WAGER  
WITH ME?

NOT  
ME!

GO  
AWAY,  
JEW!







*My father's death left me  
the sole support of my mother.  
One day...*





OH, MAMMA, IT SNOWED  
ALL DAY SO I'M ONLY  
ABLE TO BRING YOU A  
LOAF OF BREAD... BUT  
I GOT SOME MEDICINE  
FOR YOU....



RABBI COHEN?  
WHY ARE YOU  
HERE?!

ACH... MOSES,  
YOUR MOTHER  
HAS PASSED  
AWAY.



MAMMA  
MAMMA  
MAMMA

OY! WHAT  
ARE WE TO  
DO WITH  
YOU NOW,  
MOSES  
??



YOU ARE A GOOD  
BOY... YOU SHOULD  
NOT HAVE TO LIVE  
ON THE STREET...  
HMM THERE IS ONE  
THING I CAN TRY  
FOR YOU!



WHERE  
ARE  
YOU  
TAKING  
ME  
?

TO THE HOME  
OF ELEAZER  
OF ELEAZER  
SALOMON, A VERY  
WEALTHY MERCHANT  
... HE SOMETIMES  
HELPS HIS FELLOW  
JEWS!



GOOD NEWS,  
MOSES! MISTER  
SALOMON WILL TAKE  
YOU IN AS A HOUSE-  
BOY! YES, A  
GREAT MITZVAH!



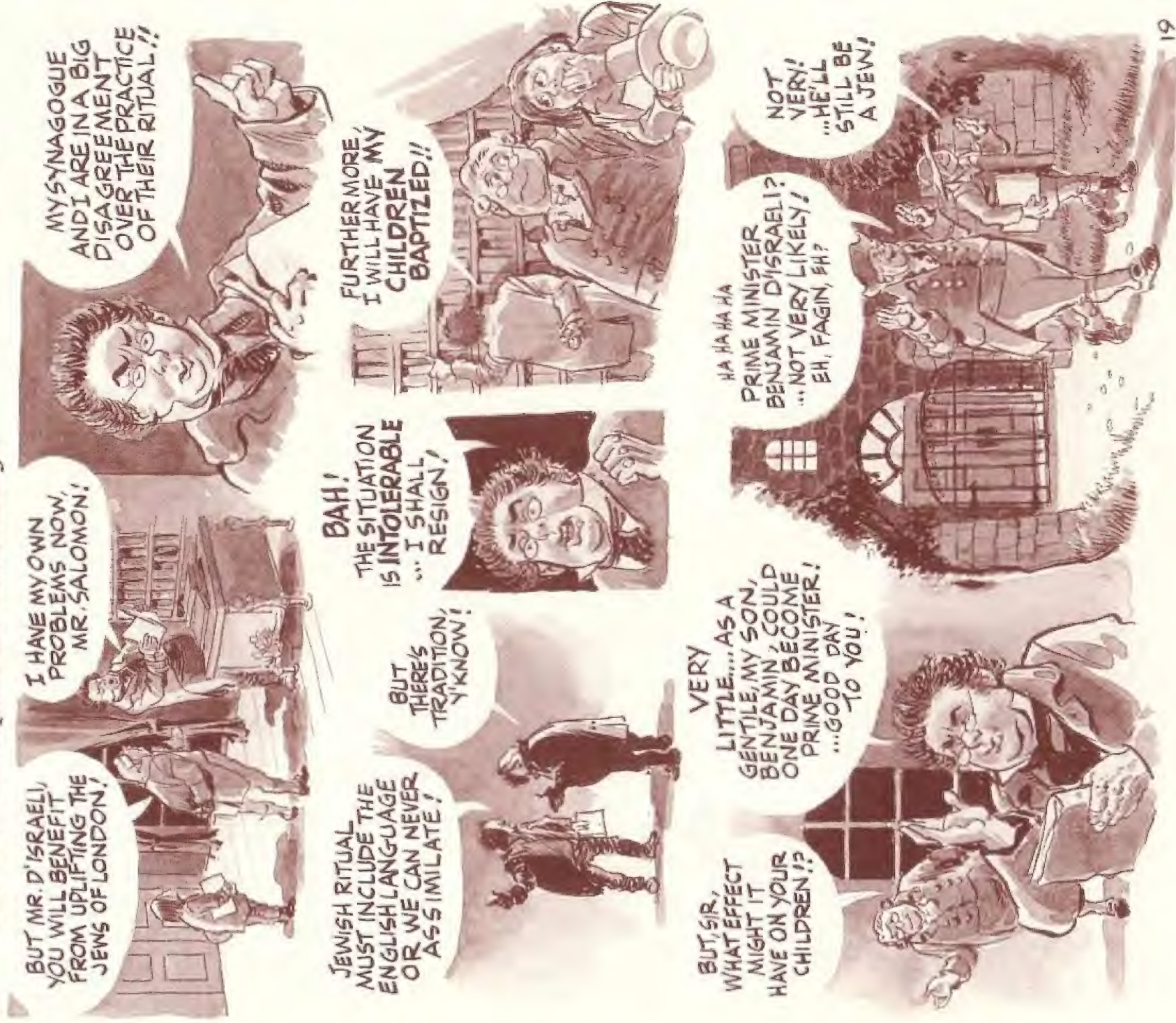


*As a houseboy in the Salomon household I could accompany the master and see a very different side of Jewish life.*





The reputation of the Jews in the London slums continued to soil the status of their betters. This only prodded Mr. Salomon and his colleagues into stronger efforts to build a fund for the school. Mr. Salomon, at last undeterred by Jewish class prejudices, called on Mr. Isaac D'Israeli, a leader in the Sephardic community.





*During the time I spent observing life in the Salomon household, I learned how Jews succeeded in rising in this world.*





*Mr. Salomon still pursued his search for funds to uplift the lower-class Jews of London by establishing a school to educate young Ashkenazim and help them advance by ways other than crime.*



SIR, WHY ARE WE ALWAYS CALLING ON JEWS OF SUCH HIGH POSITION?

MY BOY, IT IS THE WEALTHY JEWS WHO SEEK ACCEPTANCE IN THIS SOCIETY BY UPLIFTING THE REPUTATION OF THEIR POOR... COME ALONG!

THE GOLDSMIDS, MY BOY!



WE ARE VISITING POLLY DE SYMONDS, WIFE OF LYON THE DIAMOND DEALER! ... SHE'S THE SISTER OF ABRAHAM AND BENJAMIN GOLDSMID.



THEY ARE ASHKENAZIM ... THEY'RE FROM GERMANY AND HAVE PROSPERED HERE IN ENGLAND!



MR. SALOMON, YOU'RE TOO LATE! SURELY YOU MUST KNOW THAT MY BROTHERS ARE ALREADY DEAD... AH SUICIDES!

I KNOW, I KNOW!

THE GOLDSMID BUSINESS COLLAPSED SINCE THEN, ... YOU SEE!

I KNOW THAT TOO... THAT IS EXACTLY WHY I CAME TO YOU, MADAM SYMONDS!







YOU RETAINED A SHARE  
OF THEIR FORTUNE...YOU  
CAN HELP US UPLIFT OUR  
POOR SO THEY WILL BE  
A CREDIT TO US!



WHY CAN'T THEY GO  
INTO TRADE INSTEAD OF  
DEPENDING ON OUR CHARITY  
AS MY BROTHERS WERE  
ABLE TO DO?

BEGGING  
YOUR  
PARDON,  
MA'AM, THE  
TRADE OF  
THE SLUMS  
IS CRIME!

YOU HAVE A  
VERY SMART  
BOY THERE,  
SALOMON!

SHHH  
PLEASE,  
FAGIN,  
KEEP YOUR  
PLACE!!



OH... VERY WELL, WHEN  
YOU ARE READY TO OPEN  
THE SCHOOL YOU MAY  
COUNT ON MY SUPPORT  
... GOOD DAY...

THANK  
YOU!



I'M  
SORRY  
I  
SPOKE  
OUT  
SIR...

YOU  
MUST  
LEARN HOW  
TO ACCEPT  
YOUR PLACE  
IN SOCIETY!

SIGH...  
SO, HOW  
CAN JEWS  
OVERCOME  
PLACE?

JEWS HAVE  
ENTERPRISE,  
GENTILES  
HAVE  
BIRTHRIGHT!





A MR. JOSEPH FREY  
TO SEE YOU,  
MR. SALOMON.

I KNOW OF YOU!  
...YOU'RE THE BAPTIZED  
JEW WHO HEADS THE  
LONDON SOCIETY FOR  
THE PROMOTION OF  
CHRISTIANITY!!  
...WHAT DO YOU  
WANT OF ME??

WE ARE A CHARITY  
FOR CHRISTIANIZING  
JEWS... WE NEED YOUR  
FINANCIAL HELP, SIR!

WHAT?  
...I GIVE  
MONEY  
FOR THAT?  
...NEVER!!

LISTEN...

WE JEWS ARE GOD'S  
PEOPLE. WE PRESERVE  
THE TRUTH CHRISTIANS  
ENJOY! ACTUALLY,  
YOUR SOCIETY SHOULD  
SHOW GRATITUDE TO  
US... INSTEAD OF  
CONVERSION!

CUNNINGLY  
REASONED; BUT  
WE BRING YOU JEWS  
MEMBERSHIP IN  
ENGLISH SOCIETY!

JEWS MUST EMBRACE  
CHRISTIANITY TO DO THIS!!  
OUR SCHOOLS WILL TEACH  
YOUR YOUTH CRAFTS AND  
SKILLS WHILE THEY BECOME  
CHRISTIANS, Y'SEE!

AHEM!

I  
WOULD  
LIKE TO  
JOIN YOUR  
SCHOOL,  
MR. FREY!

FINE, FINE!  
YOUNG MAN,  
COME WITH  
ME!

I UNDERSTAND!  
...THERE WILL STILL  
BE A PLACE HERE  
FOR YOU WHEN YOU  
REGRET THIS AND  
COME BACK !!

I'M  
SORRY, MR.  
SALOMON...  
THIS MAY  
BE MY CHANCE  
TO RISE!



One year later, Joseph Frey's school for the Christianizing of young Jews lay in failure. Mr. Frey was reprimanded and reassigned by his backers for an indiscreet affair with a Mrs. Josephson. All I had accumulated in my time there was some skill at sewing, basket weaving, and repair, which would be of use to me later in life. But Christianizing me had failed.

AHEM!  
EXCUSE  
ME...  
MR.  
SALOMON,



MOSES  
FAGIN "... AHH,  
WELL, WELL, WELL!  
YOU HAVE  
RETURNED  
"... AS I  
EXPECTED!!

NOW, YOUNG  
MAN, HAVE YOU  
DECIDED WHICH  
IS A BETTER  
RELIGION ??  
JUDAISM OR  
CHRISTIANITY?

WELL, SIR,  
ALL FAITHS  
ARE EQUAL  
TO A WRETCH  
IN NEED,  
IT SEEMS  
TO ME!

HA, HO... YOU  
HAVE INDEED  
MATURED, I SEE!  
WELCOME  
BACK,  
MOSES FAGIN!





*Well ... a few years passed and I was in my seventeenth year, still a servant in the Salomon house. Then one day ...*

GENTLEMEN,  
WE MUST FACE IT!  
POVERTY AND CRIME  
AMONG OUR  
OWN ASHKENAZI  
JEWS HAS BECOME  
EMBARRASSING  
TO US! "THE VERY  
WORD 'JEW' IS  
NOW A TERM FOR  
A KNAVE, THIEF,  
AND WORSE!!"  
WHY, THIS YEAR  
ALONE 37 JEWS  
WERE HANGED  
HERE IN  
LONDON!

INDEED... IF WE  
ARE EVER TO FIND  
ACCEPTANCE HERE,  
WE MUST DO  
SOMETHING!

I HAVE, MYSELF,  
APPLIED TO THE  
BEST JEWISH FAMILIES  
FOR HELP... AND WE  
HAVE OPENED A  
SCHOOL FOR POOR  
JEWISH CHILDREN!

YES...  
WE EVEN HAVE  
THE SUPPORT OF  
SEPHARDIM... LIKE  
THE DACOSTAS  
AND DISRAELIS...  
FOR THE SCHOOL  
TO TEACH READING  
AND WRITING  
IN ENGLISH,  
ALONG WITH  
TORAH,

HAVE  
WE  
FOUND  
A PLACE  
YET?

YES! I'VE  
RENTED AN  
EMPTY HOUSE  
OWNED BY  
EMMANUEL  
LOPEZ!

"... AND I  
WILL DONATE  
THE SERVICES  
OF MY  
HOUSEBOY,  
MOSES  
FAGIN,  
TO CLEAN  
IT!"



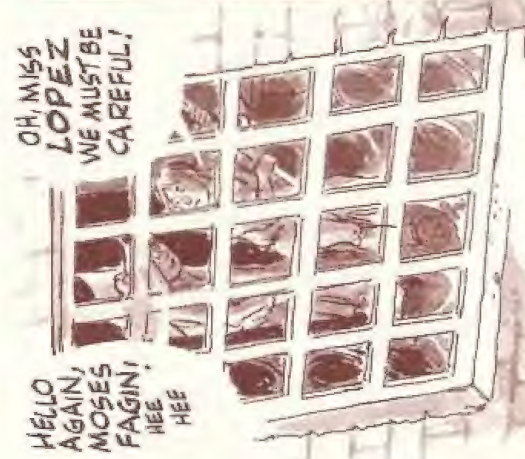


And so I went to work at the school...





*So began my short romance with Rebecca Lopez.*



OH, I DO  
I DO!  
BUT I  
MUST  
KEEP  
MY  
PLACE.



**KNAVE**

FATHER!  
MISTER  
LOPEZ?



UNHAND  
MY DAUGHTER,  
VILLAIN!  
...BUT  
SIR

FATHER,  
PLEASE!



GET OUT  
OF HERE!  
DO NOT EVER  
RETURN!



*So it ended ... as did my place in the school, and with it all hope for improvement in my station. With this turn of events began my return to the dregs of the streets of London.*



AHA! HERE WE  
HAVE A BOY IN  
SEARCH OF WORK!  
"YES...WE HAVE!  
...WE HAVE!"

"...STRONG  
AND HONEST,  
FROM THE  
LOOK OF HIM!"

LISTEN, BOY,  
WE TRADE IN  
OLD CLOTHES.  
"...GOOD MONEY  
IN IT,"

YES, NO  
COMPETITION  
FROM  
GENTILES.  
NONE!!

NOW, HERE'S A  
LITTLE MONEY!  
GO IN THE STREET  
"...CALL OUT..  
"I BUY  
OLD CLOTHES!"

YOU'D  
TRUST  
ME WITH  
YOUR  
MONEY  
?

IT'S A  
LOAN, BOY!  
"...IF YOU'RE  
NOT BACK  
HERE BY  
SUNDOWN  
WITH MONEY  
OR CLOTHES  
...WE  
WILL  
FIND  
YOU!"

I BUY  
OLD  
CLOTHES

HA HA  
HA!

HEY! YER  
WASTIN' YER  
TIME...I CAN  
SHOW YER A  
BETTER WAY!  
"...YOU NEED  
A PARTNER,  
...ME!!

I HAVE  
ONLY  
TILL  
NIGHT-  
FALL!

AH, YES...I  
DEARIE...I  
BRING YER A  
CHANCE TO  
EARN AN  
EASY  
SHILLING!

SHE  
STOLE  
HER  
MASTER'S  
CLOTHES  
AND SOLD  
THEM  
TO US!

SO  
SHE  
DID!



*Ah, how the business of survival does take perilous turns. Before long, I was more deeply involved in the trade of the streets than ever.*







GET IN HERE AND SHUT UP!

THERE'S PEOPLE UPSTAIRS!



STAND NEAR THE DOOR AND KEEP AN EYE OPEN, BOY!



I HEAR SOMEONE COMING DOWN!



THIEVES!



H-HE'S DEAD!

GET THE REST OF THE SILVER!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!









AHA...A TIDY  
LOT...WHERE  
DID YOU COME  
BY ALL THIS?

"NONE OF  
YOUR BUSINESS!

A FINE COLLECTION  
OF SILVER HERE!

"AYE, JEW.  
WORTH AT  
LEAST 50  
POUNDS,  
EH, EH?

TEN  
POUNDS.  
...NOT A  
FARTHING  
MORE!

NO!  
IT WAS  
HARD  
COME  
BY!

SHH...  
BETTER  
TAKE  
IT?

AYE,  
WE  
HAVE  
NO  
TIME TO  
BARGAIN,  
PAY  
US!

HERE'S YOUR  
MONEY, THEN!

OH, WHERE'S  
MY YOUNG  
PARTNER  
YOU TOOK  
WITH YOU?

HE...ER...HE  
RAN AWAY!

AY WE  
NEVER  
SAW THE  
LAD  
AGAIN!

YES,  
NEVER,  
NEVER!



By now I had learned that in this trade, it was best not to ask questions. So I stored my newly purchased treasures in a safe place. They would bring me a tidy profit. I could sleep well ...







BUT,  
WE DO  
HAVE THE  
SIGNED  
CONFESSION  
OF THESE  
MEN THAT  
YOU DID  
AGREE  
TO BUY  
THEIR  
LOOT!

THEREFORE, MOSES FAGIN, FOR  
THE CRIME OF RECEIVING STOLEN  
GOODS AND SUSPICION OF YOUR  
COMPLIANCE IN A MURDER... YOU  
ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO  
TRANSPORTATION FOR  
TEN YEARS!



*It was the very next week that I was herded with other convicts on a ship bound for one of England's western colonies, where convicts sentenced to transportation were to fulfill their sentences. There they were enslaved to colonists who bought their services from the Crown.*





*In the penal colony I was "bought" by a plantation owner, and for a year I was part of a gang clearing a swamp. There was little to eat and hard work from dawn to dusk ... but I knew how to find food.*



HOY, JEW! WHERE DID Y'GET THIS 'ERE FOOD...C'MON, SHARE IT!

SHH...I'LL GET MORE TONIGHT!



HAVE ENOUGH? WAIT,.. COME HERE TO ME... DEARIE!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU... LAYIN' OUT FOOD EACH NIGHT! AH, COME ON NOW! AH, THEY SAY JEWS DO IT BETTER BECAUSE THEY'RE CIRCUMCISED!



...YOU'LL COME AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT, FAGIN DEARIE... EH?

NO, HE WONT!



IT'S OFF TO THE MINES FOR YER NOW, JEW!





HSSTY'GOT  
SOMETHING FOR  
ME...JEW?

YES... MEET  
MEAT THE  
ENTRANCE  
TONIGHT!



HERE, HARRY...  
NOW, IF YOU'LL PUT  
ME ON AN EASIER  
JOB... I'LL GET  
YOU MORE !!

SURE,  
SURE!  
AHHH THIS  
IS QUITE A  
BEAUTY!



HAVE YOU  
SEEN HARD HARRY  
THE MINE GUARD?  
...SUDDENLY HE'S  
RICH AND FANCIES  
OUR WOMEN!

AND  
NOT  
SHY  
ABOUT  
IT!



THERE HE GOES  
WITH ONE OF  
OUR GIRLS...  
TH BASTARD!



WHERE  
DOES  
HE GET  
THEM  
OPALS  
?

HAS TO BE  
FROM SOME  
ONE INSIDE  
THE MINE!  
LET'S  
LOOK INTO  
THIS!



AHA! WE CAUGHT  
YER IN THE ACT!!  
...Y'KNOW WHAT  
THE PUNISHMENT  
IS, EH JEW?!



LISTEN... IF  
YOU'LL LET ME  
ESCAPE I'LL GIVE  
YOU A MAP TO THE  
MOTHER LODGE!

HMM  
Y'GOT  
A  
DEAL!  
JEW!





*That night I  
escaped to the  
port.*



'S 'CUSE ME, SIR! I CAN  
MAKE MORE MONEY F'R  
YOU REPAIRING 'STEAD  
OF SELLING.



MCNAB  
OLD CLOTHES  
LIKE NEW

MCNAB  
REPAIRS  
LIKE NEW

MCNAB  
FAGIN  
TAILORS  
FINE WORK



HOY, MCNAB... OL' MATE!  
Y'R BEEN DOIN' WELL... BUT HOW  
HONEST IS Y'R PARTNER?  
WHEN'S THE LAST TIME  
Y' CHECKED Y' CASH  
BOX, EH?

MMM I'LL  
HAVE A  
LOOK,  
GILLEY.

*Before long I improved my  
position and the shop's trade.*



FAGIN,  
OUR CASH  
BOX IS  
EMPTY!



Y' DIRTY  
THIEVIN'  
JEW!

I  
TELL YOU,  
MCNAB,  
I DIDN'T...



GET  
OUT!





*Once again I was at liberty, actually a prisoner-at-large. To avoid arrest I kept to the docks hoping for any opportunity that would give me shelter.*







WHAT'S  
YOUR NAME?

FAGIN  
SIR... JUST  
FAGIN!

YER A CONVICT I'LL WAGER!  
AND Y'VEEN OUT HERE LONG BY  
THE LOOK OF YER... BUT NOT TO  
WORRY... Y'LL BE VERY SAFE  
WORKIN' AT DAWSON EXPORT!  
... I'M JACK DAWSON!



OH,  
THANK  
YOU,  
SIR!

*Mr. Dawson was a good man, fair and kind, and he provided me with a safe haven. Meanwhile, my anger over the betrayal at McNab kept boiling inside me, and before long I devised a plan to avenge myself.*



I THINK I'LL  
WEAR ME DRESS  
COAT TO TH' TRADER'S  
DINNER TONIGHT!  
EH? EH?

YES,  
SIR!

IT'S GONE!  
MY DRESS  
COAT IS NOT  
HERE, FAGIN!

STRANGE... I SAW  
ONE LIKE IT HANGING  
AT McNAB'S SHOP!!  
AH... I TOLD YOU HOW  
THEY GET THE  
CLOTHES THEY SELL!







YOU STOLE IT, MCNAB!  
I KNOW HOW YOU "ACQUIRE"  
CLOTHES TO REFURBISH AND  
SELL!...I'M GOING TO BRING  
CHARGES AGAINST YOU  
AND DRIVE Y'OUT  
OF BUSINESS!!



*My plan worked perfectly ... now at last I had a chance to establish myself. It was possible for convicts to do this if they had someone to "stake" them.*









*So I remained there, working out the rest of my sentence, a slave indentured to an honest harbor master, until one day ...*



*And so it was within the month I returned to the world I really understood ... London.*





*When at last I returned to London, I was aged beyond my years. Broken in body, in fragile health, I was in appearance a shuffling greybeard, the result of the horrors of penal life and imprisonment.*



*However, I still had my wits about me. Sharper than ever were my skills, which were honed in the penal colonies.*





WAIT!



YOU STOLE  
MY WATCH!

YES...  
WHEN YOU  
COLLIDED  
WITH MY  
HUSBAND!



OH NO, MA'AM,  
IT MUST HAVE  
FALLEN OUT  
OF HIS POCKET  
WHEN WE...  
AH SIR,  
THERE,  
IT IS!



OH,  
WE'RE  
SO  
SORRY.

NO APOLOGY  
NEEDED. ER, AH,  
A SHILLING FOR  
MY TROUBLE,  
PERHAPS!



COME ON, REBECCA,  
LET'S GO! WHY ARE  
YOU STARING AT  
HIM SO??



"THAT MAN!"  
HE REMINDS ME  
OF SOMEONE  
I ONCE  
KNEW!

WHAT,  
THAT  
OLD  
MAN?  
HMPF

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I  
FELL IN LOVE WITH A YOUNG  
CARETAKER IN OUR SCHOOL!  
"...ONE DAY MY FATHER CAUGHT  
US KISSING AND THREW THE  
BOY OUT... I NEVER SAW  
HIM AGAIN!

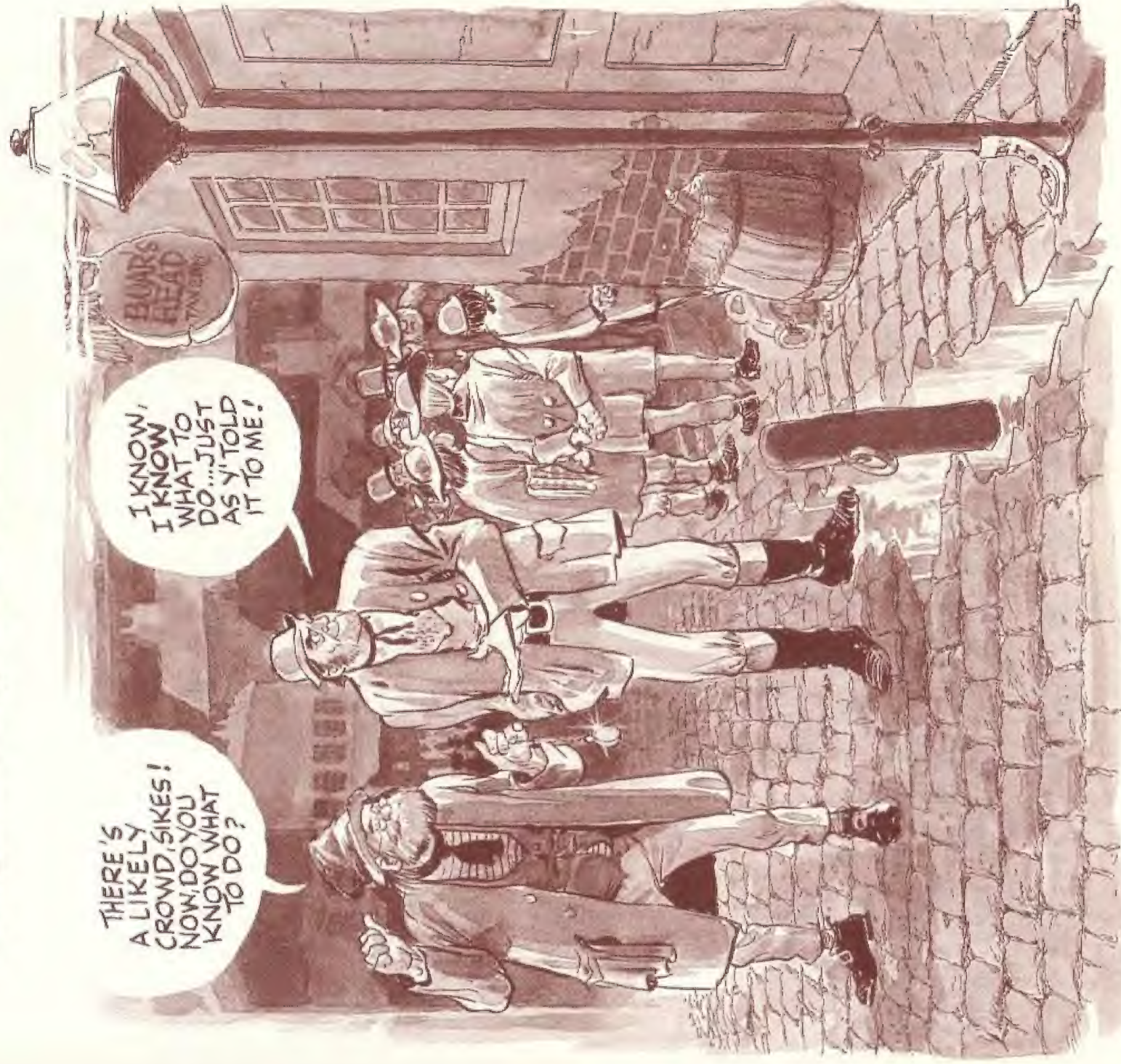
WELL,  
HAHA, HA,  
THAT  
COULD  
HARDLY  
BE  
HIM!





*In London, I had finally established myself. I was no longer naïve; gone was the promise that fueled my hope of a grand future. I was what the urchins who worked for me would one day become.*

*Who knows, were I not a Jew ... had I not lost opportunities or suffered the misfortune of imprisonment or had I been able to stay in Mr. Salomon's employ, I might not be standing in a knot of people in a London street operating a street game with a new partner, a ruffian named Sikes.*





WHO WILL BUY  
MY GOLDWATCH?  
...ONLY £10!

IT WAS MY FATHER'S...  
NOW IT'S ALL I HAVE  
LEFT FROM HIS GOODLY  
INHERITANCE TO BUY  
FOOD FOR MY DEAR  
CHILDREN!

NO SIR...NEVER!  
I DO NOT TRADE  
WITH JEWS...  
NO, SIR!

I WILL  
BUY IT!  
I'LL BUY!

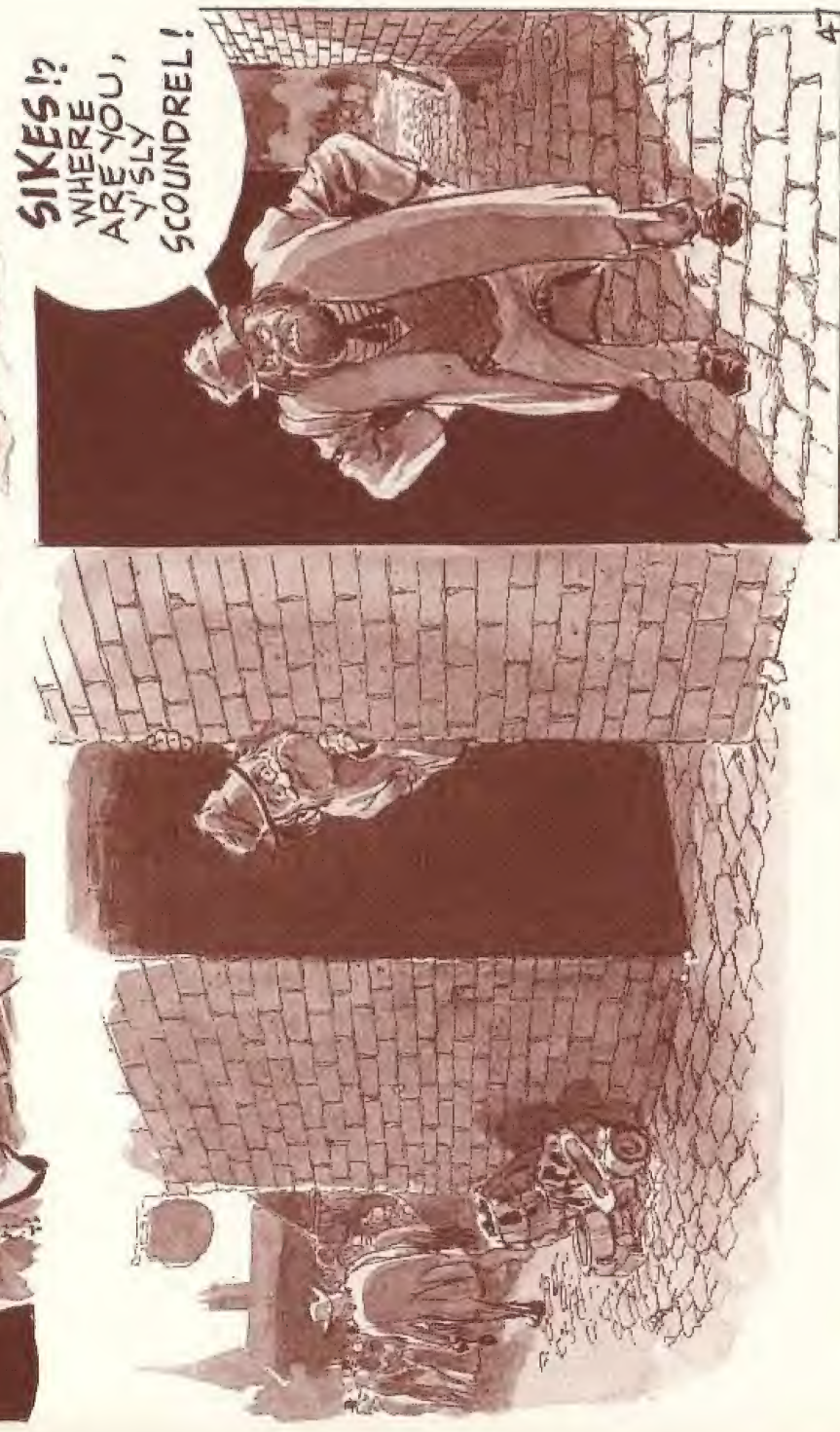
BLESS  
YOU, SIR!  
...PROUD  
TO FIND  
AN HONEST  
CHRISTIAN!

I'LL BUY  
YOUR  
WATCH!  
...HERE!

SURE,  
I'LL  
BUY  
IT FOR  
YOU!

DRAT !!  
THAT WATCH  
IS SOLID GOLD  
AND WORTH THRICE  
WHAT HE ASKS! OH.  
SIR, EXCUSE ME...  
IF YOU WOULD BUY  
IT INSTEAD...I'LL  
GIVE YOU BACK YOUR  
£10...PLUS A VERY  
GOOD COMMISSION  
FOR YOUR  
TROUBLE!









AHA!



"... YOU WASN'T  
THINKIN' OF, AH,  
GOING OFF AND  
NOT SHARING  
THE MONEY WITH  
ME... NOW, WUZ  
YOU??

OH NO,  
FAGIN! WE'S  
PARTNERS  
"... AIN'T WE.  
"... EH??



SIKES!

ACH... FAGIN,  
I AIN'T GOT  
PATIENCE FOR  
SUCH SCHEMES!  
"... I COULD'A  
BRAINED HIM  
AND TOOK  
HIS MONEY  
EASY!

NOW, SIKES,  
Y'KNOW THAT  
AIN'T MY STYLE!  
I HAVE NAUGHT  
TO DO WITH  
VIOLENCE!

HAW! AIN'T THAT  
JUST LIKE A JEW?!  
... LISTEN, FAGIN, HERE'S  
SOME NEW LOOT YOU  
CAN BUY FROM ME!  
"... IT'S QUALITY!!

HMM...  
LET ME  
SEE IT!





WHERE DID YOU  
GET THESE, SIKES?

NOT YER BUSINESS..!!  
OH WELL, I ROBBED OL'  
ELEAZER SALOMON'S  
HOUSE! HE DIED AND  
HIS FAMILY WAS JUST  
SITTING IN MOURNING!  
... IT WASEASY!

ELEAZER  
SALOMON  
?!

C'MON NOW!  
PAY ME, OR  
I'LL...

NOW DON'T GIVE ME  
NOSERMON ON A  
KINDNESS! I KNOW YOU  
JEWS STICK TOGETHER!  
... THIS IS QUALITY  
STUFF... HE WAS A  
RICH MAN!

IT'S GOOD  
STUFF I  
BRUNG YER,  
FAGIN!

GET  
OUT  
OF  
HERE,  
SIKES!



*I returned the loot to Mr. Salomon's home, where for a few moments I mourned over what my life ... what I might have been, had Mr. Lopez not thrown me out of that school so many years ago.*



*The following years were spent at the only trade I knew ... buying and selling whatever came to hand. I became a haven for the ragged urchins of the street.*





*And my reputation among the little derelicts soon spread. I became known as a teacher of street arts ...*



*Soon my dwelling, such as it was, filled with adept ragamuffins who provided me with an ample source of merchandise I could resell.*





*I bought and sold what I could from  
whatever my boys brought me.  
Ah, but they required a bit of discipline.*

WAIT A  
MOMENT,  
BOY!



WHERE'S  
THE  
REST  
OF IT...  
EH? EH?  
EH?



AHA...  
THERE  
IT IS  
NOW!



NO ONE HOLDS  
OUT ON OL' FAGIN,  
MY DEAR BOY!

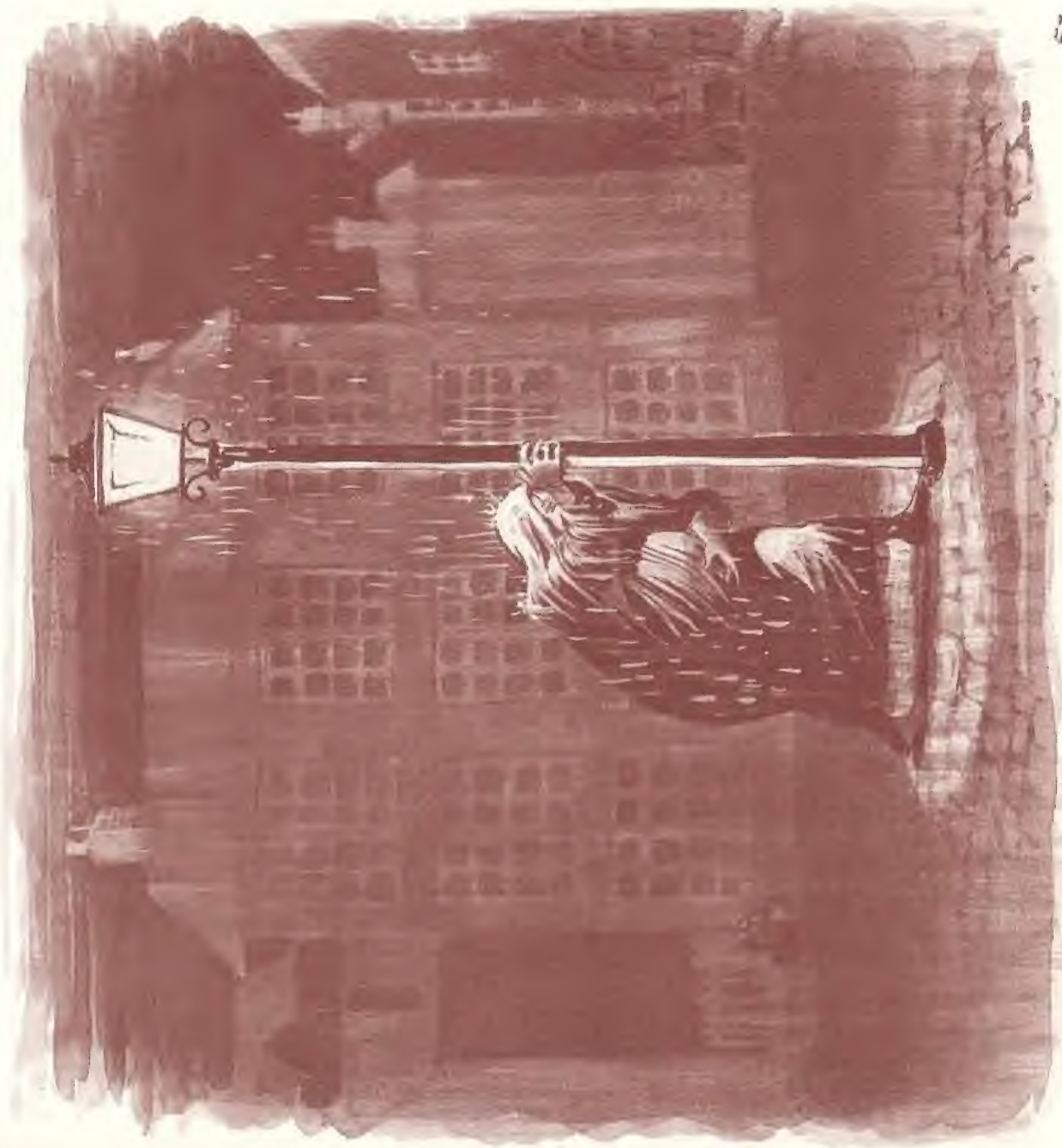


*So the years went by. I never did prosper,  
nor was I able to advance beyond the  
grimy life on the streets of London. Still,  
I kept myself and my boys from the bitter  
refuge of workhouses.*



*It was in one of these houses of questionable charity that fate delivered a young companion for me in the last chapter of my life. He joined my "family" as usual, recruited by one of my steady boys. Years later, I learned of his origin from young Claypole, who was once employed with him at Sowerberry's. The rest came from hearsay and deduction. The boy was born out of grim circumstances not unusual for our society.*

*It was ten years ago. Late one evening a young woman appeared at the doorstep of one of these poorly maintained workhouses.*







"LET'S GET  
THE POOR THING  
INSIDE!"

OH MY  
GOD!! SHE'S  
HAVING  
A BABY!!  
"...WE MUST  
SEE TO  
HER!"

HURRY,  
HURRY,  
HURRY!

HERE  
'TIS!

THERE, NOW!  
...IT'S A FINE  
STURDY BOY  
SHE HAS!

"...BUT THE  
POOR GIRL  
LOOKS  
SO WAN!"





NOW...WHAT'LL WE DO  
WITH THIS ONE? SHE  
AIN'T HARDLY BREATHIN'!

"...SHE AIN'T LONG  
FER THIS WORLD!  
AND HER BABY  
IS CRYIN'! WAH

SHUT  
IT UP,  
IT CAN'T YA!

FETCH THE  
BEADLE!...HE'LL  
WANT TO KNOW  
ABOUT THIS!

OH, MISTER  
BUMBLE, MISTER  
BUMBLE...WE HAVE  
SOMETHING HERE  
Y'LL WANT TO  
SEE! CAN YOU  
COME NOW,  
PLEASE!







AHA... A NEW BOY!  
'E'S A STURDY ONE,  
'E SEEMS... EH?

OH, MISTER  
BUMBLE, THE  
MOTHER IS  
DEAD, SIR!



WELL NOW,  
SHE LEAVES  
NO MONEY!  
SO WE'LL  
JES' BURY HER,  
TELL NO ONE,  
AND KEEP  
THE LAD!

OUGHT WE NOT  
TRY TO FIND OUT  
WHO THE MOTHER  
IS ER WAS?



DON'T WASTE OUR  
TIME! I AM THE  
BEADLE HERE!  
DO AS I SAY!

... AND WHAT  
'AVE WE HERE?  
... HMMMMM  
LET'S 'AVE A  
LOOK-SEE!



OH, HO...YES, YES!  
A FINE OLD GOLD  
LOCKET! ACH...YELL  
HAVE NO NEED FOR  
IT NOW, DEARIE,  
WILL YER?

SO, I'LL JUST  
KEEP THIS  
FOR MYSELF!  
...EH, MISS?

OH MISTER  
BUMBLE, HELL  
BE NEEDING A  
NAME, WON'T  
HE, SIR?

AH, YES, YES... MY  
DUTY TO DO IT, EH?  
YES, INDEED... BUT  
THERE'S NAUGHT  
TO GO ON... IS  
THERE?

LET ME SEE NOW,  
...THE LAST BOY  
WHO CAME TO US  
WAS OSCAR TUTTLE  
...SO WE ARE  
UP TO T...YSEE.

HMM...  
NOW LET  
ME THINK,  
NOW...T...  
'T...T...

I HAVE IT...  
TWIST! YES,  
TWIST!!!  
OLIVER  
TWIST!

OLIVER  
TWIST!  
A FITTING  
NAME FOR  
A MYSTERY  
BOY,  
SIR!



Growing up in a workhouse, as you may have heard, is not easy. In these places, largesse or charity is doled out with a cruel economy by the people who operate them, for they seek to profit from the money they receive out of its management. Oh, I know well enough what Oliver's life was like there, and what he had to endure.



WE WORK SO HARD  
ALL DAY AND WE GET  
SO LITTLE FOOD!

WELL, YOU  
SPEAK UP  
FOR US,  
BOY!





THIS ISN'T  
ENOUGH...  
WE NEED  
MORE!

SHH

SHH

SSST  
YOU TELL  
HER FOR US  
OLIVER!  
"YOU SPEAK  
SO WELL!"

PLEASE,  
MA'AM,  
ER...  
MORE?

WHAT?

NO ONE HAS  
EVER DARED TO  
ASK FOR MORE!!  
HERE, MR. BUMBLE,  
TAKE HIM!

OH, MY!  
OH, MY!  
I SHALL  
HAVE TO BRING  
THIS UP BEFORE  
THE BOARD  
OF TRUSTEES!  
"WE MUST  
REPORT IT  
AT ONCE!"



HE DID  
WHAT?

EH?  
EH?  
EH?

MORE,  
WAS  
IT?

YES...AS  
I TOLD YOU!  
... HE ASKED  
FOR MORE!



A VERY  
SERIOUS  
BREACH OF  
DISCIPLINE!

YES!  
VERY VERY  
SERIOUS!

WE'LL  
HAVE TO  
DECIDE  
WHAT TO  
DO ABOUT  
HIM!

MEANWHILE,  
OLIVER,  
YOU WILL  
COME  
WITH ME!



HERE YOU'LL STAY  
THE NIGHT... TOMORROW  
THE BOARD WILL  
DECIDE ABOUT  
YOU, BOY!!





*The next day the trustees met again. It was their duty as custodians of this charitable institution to sit in judgment on all matters of discipline.*



*So Mr. Bumble undertook this task of finding a suitable apprenticeship for Oliver.*







*As my boys who have also experienced employment in similar circumstances tell me, finding a place here is always a challenge.*





*A rise in position in such a place is a splendid opportunity, as I can tell you.*



I SEE YOU ARE A BRIGHT LAD, OLIVER! SO...I HAVE USE FOR SUCH AS YOU... HERE, PUT ON THESE CLOTHES!

NOW, BOY, WHILE Y'LEARN THE COFFIN-MAKING TRADE, YOU'LL GO WITH ME TO FUNERALS DRESSED AS I DO!... IT'S VERY GOOD FOR BUSINESS!!

LET GO, CLAYPOLE! ...LET GO!!

I WANT TO SEE HOW I LOOK IN IT!

MR. SOWERBERRY WANTS ME TO WEAR THIS... I AM TO GO WITH HIM TO THE FUNERALS!

HEE  
HEE  
HEE

HA HA  
LOOK AT OUR ORPHAN OLIVER, SO FANCY-J





STOP! STOP!  
Y' LITTLE TERRIER!  
LET GO OF POOR  
CLAYPOLE  
I SAY!!



AW!  
HE HIT  
ME FER  
NAUGHT!  
NO REASON,  
SIR!

WELL, OLIVER,  
YOU CAN JUST  
LIVE IN THE  
CELLAR FROM  
NOW ON!!





*That night Oliver decided he must escape at last.*



*And he walked to the center of London, for want of a better place to go.*





*So began my relationship with a child of destiny, as they say...and with it the circumstances that defined my own encounter with fate. My affairs were taking a troubling turn and I had a meeting with my best boy, Jack Dawkins.*





*And as fate would have it, that was the very day  
young Oliver arrived in London.*







OH, THANK  
YOU, JACK!  
THANK  
YOU!



JACK, DAWKINS  
... THAT'S ME! YER  
HUNGRY?... I'LL  
FETCH YA SOME  
EATS!

AHHA, I SPY A  
LIKELY ONE... SHHH  
STEP ASIDE!





**FIRE!  
FIRE!**  
AROUND  
THE  
CORNER!

WHERE?  
WHERE?

HERE'S  
YER EATS,  
BOY!

OH...THANK  
YOU, JACK!

MY NAME  
IS OLIVER...  
OLIVER  
TWIST!

AHH...Y'CAN  
JUST CALL ME  
ARTFUL DODGER!  
...GOT USE FOR  
YER!

COME  
ALONG  
NOW,  
OLIVER!

WHERE  
ARE WE  
GOING,  
DODGER?

TO  
FAGIN'S  
HOUSE!



*Ah, well do I remember him ... clearly a lad of quality  
... rare indeed in those days, I can assure you.*











A sepia-toned cartoon illustration of a thief running away from a crowd. The thief, a man in a suit, is running towards the right, carrying a large sack. A speech bubble from the crowd says "STOP, THIEF!!". The crowd consists of several people, including a man in a top hat and a woman. A sign on a building reads "THANKS". The scene is set on a cobblestone street with a brick wall in the background. The number "72" is visible in the top right corner.





GOT  
YER!

SIR ... COME  
WITH US TO THE  
MAGISTRATE ...  
YOU'LL CHARGE  
HIM THERE!



YES... BUT, IS  
IT NECESSARY  
TO BE SO  
ROUGH?

YOUR HONOR!  
THIS BOY HAS  
FAINTED... HE  
NEEDS MEDICAL  
ATTENTION NOW!  
... HE'S ILL, CAN'T  
YOU SEE?



BAH! MR. BROWNLOW,  
I HAVE DOZENS OF THESE  
CASES EVERY DAY! I'M GETTING  
IMPATIENT WITH HIS TYPE!

FAINTING  
IS AN OLD  
TRICK!

SIX MONTHS  
IN NEWGATE  
IS WHAT HE  
NEEDS!

HE WAS  
CAUGHT IN THE  
ACT OF ROBBING  
YOU, BROWNLOW  
... WHY ARE YOU  
DEFENDING  
HIM, SIR?

THE POOR  
LAD DOES NOT  
APPEAR TO BE  
A THIEF, YOUR  
HONOR!





WAIT, WAIT...  
I SEEN IT... THAT  
BOY WAS PUSHED  
ONTO THAT MAN...  
BY A RUFFIAN!

?!

WELL NOW, BASED  
ON THE TESTIMONY  
OF THIS WITNESS...  
I DECLARE THIS BOY  
INNOCENT! I RELEASE  
HIM TO YOUR CARE,  
MR. BROWNLOW!

THANK YOU!  
"I WILL BRING  
HIM HOME AND  
TO THE GENTLE  
CARE OF MY  
WIFE."

HERE, MY DEAR,  
I'VE BROUGHT HOME  
THIS POOR WAIF!  
"WE MUST CARE  
FOR HIM!"

THERE NOW!  
WHOEVER YOU  
ARE... WE SHALL  
GET YOU WELL  
AGAIN SOON!

HMM  
YES... YES  
THERE IS  
SOMETHING  
OF QUALITY  
ABOUT THIS  
LAD... WE MUST  
LOOK AFTER  
HIM!



*Oliver was out of our hands. I knew not where until later, when I found out he was at the Brownlows, quite safe. Then my partner, Sikes, returned. He was always in fear of betrayal.*



**WHO  
PEACHED  
?!**





THESE BOYS  
OF YOURS LET THAT  
TYKE OLIVER GET  
CAUGHT, DID THEY?  
WELL I'LL...

EASY, SIKES...  
IT WASN'T NONE  
OF THEM! OLIVER  
GOT CAUGHT  
LIFTIN' A PURSE!



THEN...IF THE  
POLICE GOT HIM  
...AND HE PEACHES  
...BY GOD IT'LL  
MEAN TROUBLE  
FOR ME...  
BIG TROUBLE!

I SHARE  
YOUR  
CONCERN,  
SIKES!





IF OLIVER  
PEACHES  
ON US...IT'LL  
BE MY NECK  
TOO! WE'RE  
PARTNERS,  
REMEMBER!



BUT, HE'S QUALITY!  
SO... IF HE'LL KEEP  
HIS MOUTH SHUT THERE  
IS NAUGHT FOR  
US TO FEAR, EH?

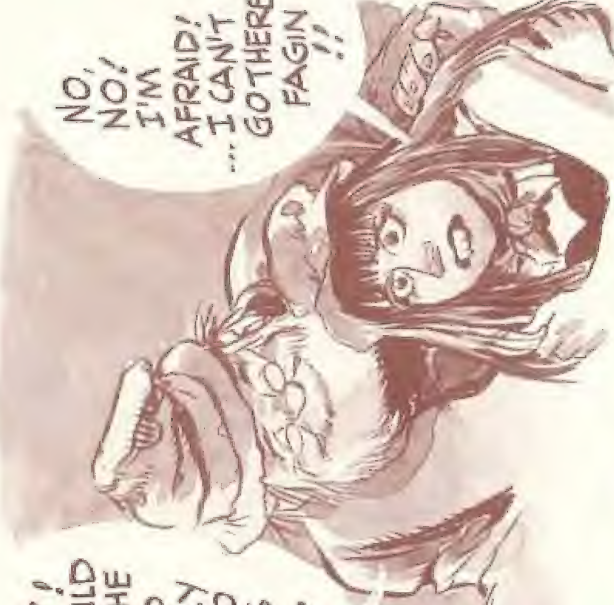


NOW, IF WE COULD  
FIND SOMEONE  
WHO COULD GET  
HIM OUT...



AHA...  
NANCY!  
YOU COULD  
GO TO THE  
JAIL AND  
POLITELY  
OFFER TO  
PAY HIS  
BAIL,  
SEE?

NO, NO!  
I'M  
AFRAID!  
... I CAN'T  
GO THERE,  
FAGIN!!



TOO  
BAD!  
SHE WILL  
NOT  
DO IT,  
SIKES!



WE'RE  
SUNK  
IF SHE  
WON'T  
DO IT!  
GRRRR!





NOW, NANCY... YOU  
**WILL** GO TO THE  
JAIL LIKE WE ASK!

**NO,  
NO!  
PLEASE,  
I'M  
AFRAID!**

WHICH IS YER  
AFRAID OF MORE?  
ME? OR THEM?  
EH, EH, EH?

...AND BRING  
OLIVER BACK  
TO US, DEAR!

...IS THERE  
A YOUNG  
BOY AMONG  
YOU? HE'D  
BE A NEW  
PRISONER  
Y' SEE.

HERE NOW!  
WHAT IS THIS GIRL  
DOING IN THE  
PRISON YARD?

I'VE COME  
TO PAY YOUNG  
OLIVER TWIST'S  
FINE, Y' SEE, I  
AM HIS AUNT!

AH,  
YER  
TOO  
LATE  
GIRL!

...TOO LATE INDEED!  
THE LAD, QUITE SICK,  
WAS FOUND INNOCENT  
AND DISCHARGED... AYE,  
A MAN SPOKE UP FOR  
HIM AND TOOK THE BOY  
TO HIS HOME. 'T WAS  
PENTONVILLE... A  
MR. BROWNLOW,  
I BELIEVE!

OH, THANK  
YOU,  
SIR!



*But Nancy had bad news for us.*





*At the Brownlows' home, Oliver soon recovered from his fainting in the magistrate's office.*





*In London's streets, Sikes and my boys were persistently searching for Oliver.*









NOW, M'BOY,  
YOU ARE BACK  
SAFE N' SOUND  
WITH OL' FAGIN!



SOON YOU'LL  
BE WORKIN' AT  
THE TRADE I  
TAUGHT YOU!

WE'LL  
ALL  
BE RICH  
AS ROYALTY



'CAUSE  
WE'RE  
ALL IN  
FAGIN'S  
FAMILY

*So, once more we had our Oliver back on the streets.*

C'MON,  
OLIVER,  
CHEER  
UP!

WE GOT  
WORK  
TO DO!





Things was going very well again for me ... until Sikes showed up.



NOTHING DANGEROUS NOW, SIKES...I WON'T HAVE ANY ROUGHNESS... JUST OUR USUAL STYLE!





*That night outside the Chertsey  
mansion ...*



OH...I...MUST  
WARN THE GOOD  
PEOPLE OF THIS  
HOUSE...CAN'T  
LET SIKES DO  
THIS!







BEWARE!  
YOU ARE  
ABOUT  
TO BE  
ROBBED!

I HEAR A  
ROBBER  
DOWN THERE!

BANG!



I SHOT ONE  
OF THEM  
DOWNSTAIRS!

IT FRIGHTENED  
OFF THE REST OF  
THEM... WE'LL NEVER  
CATCH THEM!



THEY MUST HAVE  
TRIED TO GET IN BY  
THIS WINDOW... WHERE  
IS THE ONE YOU  
SHOT??

HERE, HE'S JUST A  
LAD... HE'S ONLY  
WOUNDED! LET'S GET  
HIM UPSTAIRS TO  
MISTRESS MAYLIE!



OH DEAR ... THE  
POOR CHILD HAS A  
FLESH WOUND! THE  
GROUNDSKEEPERS  
SAY HE WAS ONE  
OF THE ROBBERS!

*It so  
happened that  
Mr. Maylie  
was Mr.  
Brownlow's  
lawyer.*

YOU MAY GO  
NOW, JAMES!  
... THANK YOU.

YES,  
MISTRESS  
MAYLIE.

AND NOW,  
TELL ME YOUR  
STORY, YOUNG  
MAN?

MY NAME IS OLIVER.  
TWIST ... I WAS FORCED  
TO ACCOMPANY THOSE  
ROBBERS! BUT I  
DID TRY TO WARN  
YOU, MA'AM.

HE'S  
A  
BRAVE  
LAD!

... AN HONEST  
SOUL ... WE'LL  
CARE FOR HIM.  
... SEND FOR  
THE DOCTOR  
TO TREAT HIS  
WOUND!

*So Oliver found a new home with the  
Maylies in Chertsey, to Mr. Brownlow's relief.*

...AND NEXT  
MONTH YOU  
SHALL HAVE A  
MERRY VISIT HERE  
IN THE COUNTRY!

NOW THAT  
WILL PUT SOME  
COLOR INTO YOUR  
CHEEKS, EH, OLIVER?



*I lost track of Oliver ... try as I might  
I could not find him.  
One evening an evil-looking stranger  
visited me ...*

HERE NOW!  
...WHAT ARE YER  
LOOKIN' FOR??

THAT'S MY  
BUSINESS!

MY  
NAME IS  
MONKS!  
...I'M HERE  
ABOUT  
OLIVER!

AHHH  
TOO LATE!  
THE DARLIN'  
IS GONE!!  
...MY HEART  
IS BROKEN!

HMMMMM...NOW  
I WONDER WHO HE IS  
AND WHAT HE WANTS?!  
...WELL, NO MATTER...  
I'VE OTHER MATTERS  
THAT CONCERN ME!

BAH!  
NOTHING  
HERE!  
BLAST!

GET OUT  
SIR...!!  
OUT!!



*Later I learned that Monks made his way to a tavern frequented by the beadle who was at the workhouse where Oliver was born.*



PARDON, SIR!  
...MAY I JOIN YOU  
HERE FOR A BIT?  
...ER...MY NAME  
IS MONKS!

BUMBLE IS MINE!  
SIT!... I WAS THE BEADLE  
OF A WORKHOUSE  
HEREABOUTS... HIC!  
UNTIL THE BOARD  
LET ME OUT!

WELL, AFTER A LONG AND  
DISCREET INVESTIGATION I LEARNED  
THAT TWELVE YEARS AGO A BOY WAS  
BORN TO A POOR YOUNG WOMAN IN  
YOUR WORKHOUSE... WHEN HE WAS  
ABLE TO THE LAD RAN AWAY!

AH, YES, YES...  
 I REMEMBER... HIS  
 NAME WAS OLIVER  
 TWIST... YES,  
 INDEED!





"I SEEK THE OLD WOMAN  
WHO, I LEARNED, CARED  
FOR OLIVER'S MOTHER'S  
BODY BEFORE Y'BURIED  
HER... EH, EH?"

'TWAS OL' SALLY WHO WAS THERE  
AFTER SHE DIED... LATER, SALLY ON  
HER OWN DEATHBED TOLD MY WIFE,  
HERE, WHAT SHE TOOK FROM THE  
DEAD GIRL!

HERE'S  
MY  
WIFE,  
SIR!

"...YES, SALLY GAVE ME  
A LOCKET SHE OWNED,  
...SHE TOOK FROM THE  
DEAD GIRL... WHAT'LL  
Y'PAY FOR 'EM ??

I'LL PAY  
YOU WELL!!  
HERE'S A  
BAG OF COIN!  
...NOW GIVE  
THEM TO  
ME!

HMM... NOW,  
WHY DID HE WANT  
**THAT** TRINKET?  
...HE CERTAINLY  
PAID US WELL  
FOR IT!





The next day I had another visit from Monks.







NANCY!!  
... THAT YOU?  
'LISTENIN' IN  
ON ME... EH?



*Nancy ran off to the Maylie family. I reckon that she learned from Sikes' boasting where they were sheltering Oliver.*





*It was not hard to guess that Nancy told the Maylies what she overheard.*

SO, OLIVER IS AN  
HEIR... AND THAT EVIL  
MR. MONKS IS ONLY HIS  
HALF-BROTHER... WHY,  
DEAR, DID YOU TAKE  
SUCH A RISK TO COME  
HERE TO TELL US?

YES... WE'LL  
GET YOU TO  
SAFETY, OLIVER!  
WE'LL SEND YOU  
TO MR. BROWNLOW.  
HE WILL KNOW  
WHAT TO DO!

BUT FIRST,  
WE MUST HELP  
PROTECT  
NANCY!

TO SAVE OLIVER  
FROM SIKES! HE'S IN  
A TERRIBLE RAGE  
AND WILL KILL HIM!  
I MUST HIDE OLIVER!!

NO, NO!!  
OLIVER!!  
... LET ME  
GO NOW!

YOU  
CAN'T  
GO  
BACK  
TO  
SIKES!

OH, I  
CAN'T HELP  
MYSELF!  
... BAD AS  
HE IS... I  
STILL DO  
CARE FOR  
HIM, Y'SEE

WAIT... MR. BROWNLOW  
HAS A LAWYER FRIEND -  
MR. GRIMWIG ... HE IS  
INFLUENTIAL AND CAN  
HELP US, NO MATTER  
WHAT... NANCY!

?!

GOOD BYE!



DON'T FRET, OLIVER!  
TOMORROW WE'LL TAKE  
YOU TO YOUR FRIEND  
MR. BROWNLOW!



WELL, BOY,  
I'M WAITING—  
SPEAK UP!



I FOLLOWED  
NANCY TO  
THE MAYLIE  
PLACE LIKE  
Y'TOLD ME!  
...HONEST!  
FAGIN!!



**MORE!!**  
TELL ME...  
I PAID YOU!  
I PAID YOU!



...I HEARD  
NANCY TELL  
EVERYTHING  
TO THE LADY!  
...THEY ARE  
SENDING  
OLIVER TO  
BROWNLOW  
...HE'LL LOOK  
AFTER  
HIM!

WELL,  
FAGIN,  
ANYTHING  
YET ABOUT  
OLIVER?



OLIVER IS  
ALIVE...HE'LL BE  
LIVING WITH A  
MR. BROWNLOW,  
AN IMPORTANT  
MAN... OLIVER IS  
LOST TO US  
SIKES, LOST!



HOW  
DO YOU  
KNOW  
THIS?

I HIRED  
MY BEST BOY  
TO FOLLOW  
NANCY...SHE  
VISITED THE  
MAYLIE HOUSE,  
WHERE OLIVER  
WAS BEING  
CARED FOR,  
Y'SEE!









I SEEN  
HER WITH  
MISSIS  
MAYLIE !

SHHHH,  
CLAYPOLE,  
SHHHHHHHH

GRRRRR

I ONLY  
TRIED TO  
SAVE OLIVER  
FROM YOUR  
ANGER!



STOP,  
SIKES!  
HAVE  
MERCY!  
NANCY IS  
A LOYAL  
GIRL!



NO ONE  
PEACHES ON  
SIKES!







*I knew, of course, where the brute would go. In a mortal panic, Sikes ran to the docks. There he hoped to hide among old thieves he knew.*







NOT HERE... IT'S  
MURDER... AND  
WE WANT NO  
PART OF IT!



I KNOW... I  
NEED A PLACE  
TO HIDE... EH?  
OLD FRIEND?

THE  
POLICE  
IS LOOKIN'  
FER YER,  
SIKES!



AWAY WITH YER!

AWAY,  
SIKES!

*That night  
the police  
searched  
all of London ...*



RUN, ME  
DARLIN' BOYS!  
THE POLICE ARE  
SNARMIN' WE'RE  
IN FOR IT!





*Oh, I ran...on tired legs...but not quick enough...*



WE HAVE  
YOU NOW,  
FAGIN,  
Y'OLD FOX!

STOP  
SQUIRMIN'!  
MY, HE'S A  
FIGHTIN',  
LITTLE JEW!



*Meanwhile, Sikes was running through the alleys ... now haunted by a ghost...*







AHA!



...TO THE ROOF!



S...SHE FOLLOWS ME...

SHE'S GONE NOW... WHEW, I'M FREE OF HER!



NOW I'LL JUST SWING TO THE OTHER ROOF AND ESCAPE!





OH, NO, NO!  
NOT YOU  
AGAIN?!

GO AWAY!  
GO AWAY!  
GO AWAY!



AHA... THERE'S  
THAT SCOUNDREL,  
SIKES, WE'VE  
BEEN LOOKING  
FOR!

HUNG HIMSELF  
...THE WRETCH!





*With Sikes dead there was no one to testify to my innocence. Well, I was locked up in Newgate Prison, where I was tried and sentenced in short order.*





*I lay in my cell exhausted from writhing and flailing against my sorry fate... Aided by his influential new benefactor and patron Mr. Brownlow, Oliver was allowed to visit me here. His visit added to my comfort and helped me endure the agony of an undeserved fate.*





MR. BROWNLOW AND  
MR. MAYLIE WERE VERY  
DETERMINED TO FIND OUT  
WHO I REALLY AM! SO, THEY  
SEARCHED AND FOUND MR.  
BUMBLE AT HIS TAVERN,  
WHERE THEY MADE  
HIM TELL THEM THE  
WHOLE TRUTH!

WELL, MR. BUMBLE  
FINALLY ADMITTED THAT  
THEIR OLD NURSE STOLE THE  
LOCKET FROM MY DYING  
MOTHER... LATER, SHE  
GAVE IT TO MR. BUMBLE'S  
WIFE, WHO THEN SOLD IT TO  
A MR. MONKS.




MR.  
MAYLIE  
AND MR.  
BROWNLOW  
RAN TO  
MONKS' ROOMS  
...JUST IN  
TIME, FOR HE  
WAS 'ABOUT  
TO RUN  
AWAY!

MR.  
MAYLIE  
WAS QUICK  
AND  
BROUGHT  
MONKS  
DOWN!








WELL, MONKS **CONFESSED!**  
...HIS REAL NAME IS LEEFORD.  
HE IS THE EARLIER SON OF MY  
FATHER, SIR EDWARD LEEFORD,  
WHO HAD BEEN MARRIED  
**BEFORE HIS AFFAIR WITH**  
**MY MOTHER!** SO, I AM  
SIR LEEFORD'S SON TOO!

IT IS A LOT TO KNOW  
FOR A LAD SO YOUNG!  
...AND WHAT ELSE DID  
BROWNLOW AND MR.  
MAYLIE GET FROM  
MONKS... HE'S BEEN  
TRACKING YOU ALL  
THESE YEARS?  
EH?

AND, I AM TOLD, WHEN SIR  
LEEFORD FAILED TO MARRY MY  
MOTHER... SHE **LEFT**. PREGNANT  
WITH ME AND DESTITUTE, SHE  
FOUND HER WAY TO THE OLD  
WORKHOUSE, WHERE SHE  
GAVE BIRTH TO ME!







NOW, I CAN FILL  
IN THE REST FOR  
YOU, MY BOY! WHEN  
SIR LEEFORD DIED  
HIS ESTATE WENT  
TO HIS HEIRS!!  
...TWO SONS...  
MONKS AND  
**YOU!**

WELL,  
IF HE IS  
MY HALF-  
BROTHER,  
WHY DID HE  
WANT THE  
LOCKET THAT  
WAS STOLEN  
FROM MY  
MOTHER  
IN THE  
WORKHOUSE  
??

Y'SEE, EVEN  
THOUGH HE'S A CHILD  
OF AN EARLIER MARRIAGE  
HE WOULD NEVER THELESS  
HAVE TO **SHARE THE**  
**ESTATE WITH YOU...** YOU'RE  
HIS BROTHER! THE LOCKET  
HAS Y'R MOTHER'S PORTRAIT  
AND THERE IS WRITING  
ON THE BACK OF IT  
THAT **PROVES YOUR**  
RELATIONSHIP!



WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THE  
LOCKET??  
HE DID **NOT**  
HAVE IT  
WHEN MR.  
MAYLIE  
SEARCHED  
HIM!



I HAVE  
THE  
LOCKET!



...YOU HAVE  
THE LOCKET,  
FAGIN? WHERE  
IS IT??

OH...  
HE DOES  
NOT  
ASK  
OF  
MY  
FATE!!

THEY ARE  
GOING TO  
HANG ME!  
...OH MY  
GOD!

MY  
FUTURE  
DEPENDS  
ON THAT  
LOCKET!

HIS  
FUTURE?  
HAGH...  
I HAVE  
NO  
FUTURE!

PLEASE  
FAGIN, TELL  
ME WHERE  
IT IS !!

VERY  
WELL... I  
GIVE YOU  
A FUTURE,  
BOY!

SHEMA  
YISROEL  
ADONAI  
ELOHENU  
ADONAI  
ECHOD

IT IS IN MY HOUSE  
...HALFWAY UP THE  
CHIMNEY... IN A CANVAS  
SACK ... IT IS YOURS,  
OLIVER, YOURS!

THANK  
YOU,  
FAGIN,  
THANK  
YOU!





*Ah, it was a bitter departure... We cling together, I as a drowning man who holds on to a floating log, and Oliver as a mourner unable yet to separate from an attachment, the memory of which will forever remain with him. Finally the boy gathered control of his emotions enough so he could disengage.*



WAIT, WAIT,  
OLIVER, MY  
DEAR!...DON'T  
LEAVE ME YET!

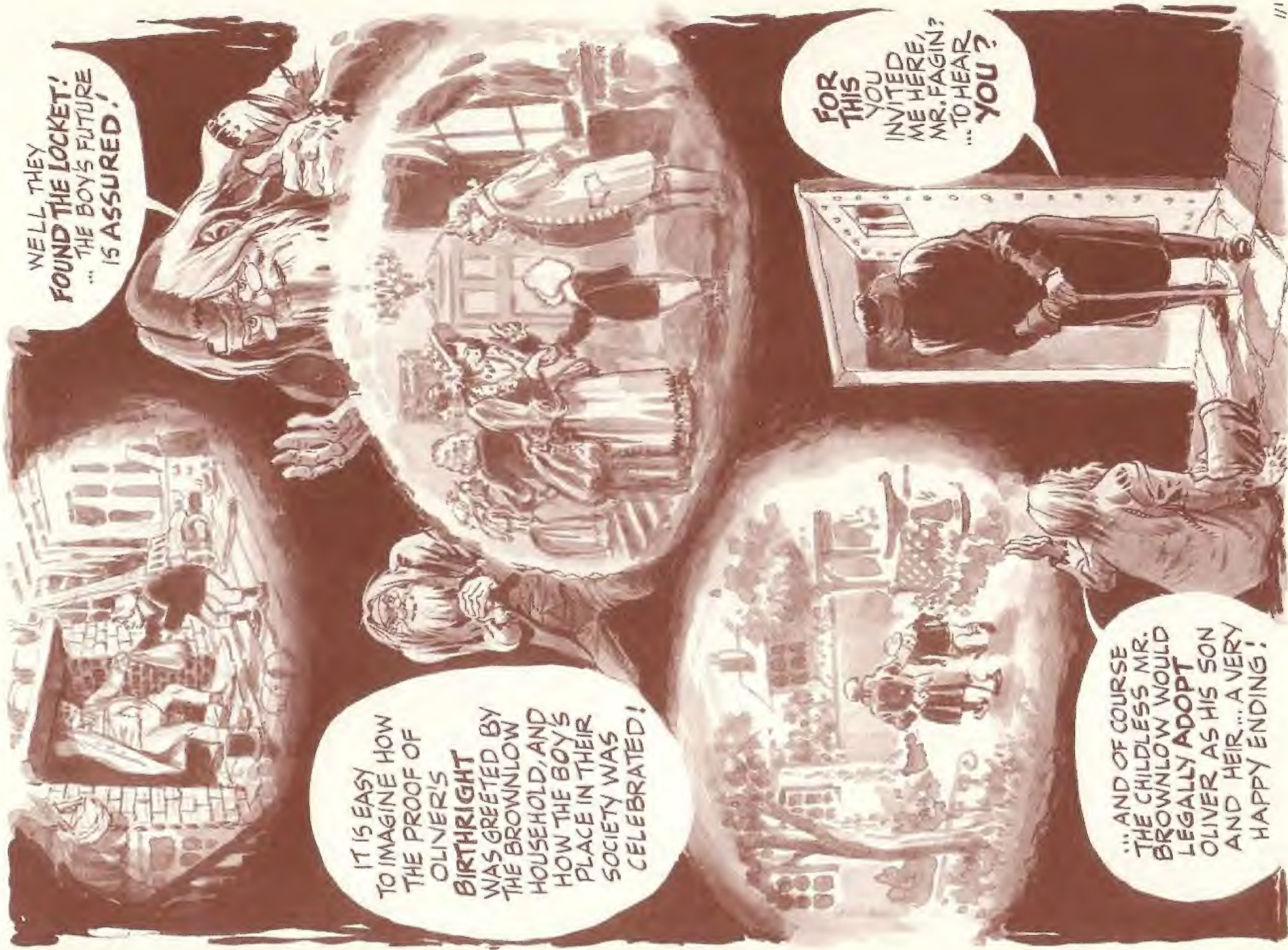
I MUST GO NOW, FAGIN.  
MR. BROWNLOW IS  
WAITING TO HELP ME  
RECOVER THE LOCKET!  
IT'S A MATTER OF GREAT  
URGENCY!!

IS NOT  
MY LAST HOUR  
ON EARTH  
A MATTER  
OF GREAT  
URGENCY??

SO...  
IT ISN'T  
DIFFICULT TO  
IMAGINE A  
HAPPY ENDING  
FOR THEM!  
OLIVER RAN  
WITH HIS PATRON  
TO MY PLACE...

UPSTAIRS,  
MR. BROWNLOW!





WELL THEY  
FOUND THE LOCKET!  
... THE BOY'S FUTURE  
IS ASSURED!

IT IS EASY  
TO IMAGINE HOW  
THE PROOF OF  
OLIVER'S  
BIRTHRIGHT  
WAS GREETED BY  
THE BROWNLOW  
HOUSEHOLD, AND  
HOW THE BOY'S  
PLACE IN THEIR  
SOCIETY WAS  
CELEBRATED!

FOR  
THIS  
YOU  
INVITED  
ME HERE,  
MR. FAGIN?  
... TO HEAR  
YOU?

... AND OF COURSE  
THE CHILDLESS MR.  
BROWNLOW WOULD  
LEGALLY ADOPT  
OLIVER AS HIS SON  
AND HEIR... A VERY  
HAPPY ENDING!



I'VE ASKED  
YOU HERE TO  
CONFRONT A MAN  
YOU WRONGFULLY  
PORTRAYED: ONE WHO  
WILL SOON BE SWINGING  
LIFELESS IN THAT YARD!  
... DOOMED TO WEAR  
FOR ETERNITY THAT  
WARPED AND EVIL  
IMAGE!


HOW ELSE  
WOULD YOU HAVE  
IT, FAGIN?? ARE  
YOU NOT AMONG  
THE WRETCHES WHO  
INHABIT THE COLD  
UNDERWORLD OF  
LONDON?... IN OLIVER  
TWIST, I TRY TO SHOW  
THE PRINCIPLE OF  
GOOD THAT DOES  
SURVIVE THROUGH  
EVERY ADVERSE  
CIRCUMSTANCE!

IT IS  
A TRUTH  
THAT  
NEEDS  
TO BE  
TOLD!

TRUTH??  
...IS REFERRING  
TO A MAN ONLY  
BY HIS RACE THE  
TRUTH?... OR IS  
"JEW" AS A WORD  
FOR CRIMINAL  
TRUE?... OR IS A  
PICTURE OF A  
JEW THAT IS  
BASED UPON A  
COMMON BIAS  
...TRUTH??  
HAH!!

I AM  
FAGIN, A  
MEMBER OF  
A DISPERSED  
BUT NOBLE  
BREED! JEWS  
WHO ARE OFTEN  
FORCED BY  
CIRCUMSTANCE  
TO SURVIVE  
IN THE FOUL,  
FROSY  
DENS AND  
SQUALID  
MISERY OF  
MIDNIGHT  
LONDON,  
ARE NOT  
THIEVES  
BY CHOICE!





... ARE THERE NO **GENTILE** MONEY  
LENDERS OR SLY RECEIVERS OF  
SUSPECT GOODS IN LONDON??  
... IS THIS TRADE TRULY CONFINED  
TO **JEWS** ALONE??

ARTISTS AND  
WRITERS HAVE ALWAYS  
DESCRIBED FOR US  
WHOM WE FEAR AND WHOM  
WE TRUST! **YOU** AND  
YOUR KIND, THEREFORE,  
ARE RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE ENDURANCE  
OF BIAS... IN THIS  
CASE AGAINST  
**JEWS!**

THAT IS ONLY  
AN **ARGUABLE**  
CASE, FAGIN!

HAH!  
WHEN YOU DO  
DESCRIBE  
A KIND OF  
CRIMINAL AS  
A **JEW** IT MAKES  
MY CASE  
**INARGUABLE**!!



A JEW  
IS NOT FAGIN  
ANY MORE THAN  
A GENTILE  
IS SIKES!

AHEM!  
EXCUSE ME,  
SIR, Y' MUST  
LEAVE NOW  
MR. DICKENS,  
... IT IS TIME!

GOODBYE, OLD  
FAGIN... ER, OH, IN MY  
LATER BOOKS I'LL TREAT  
YOUR RACE MORE  
EVENLY!





## EPILOGUE

*Fagin was hanged and buried ignominiously in a pauper's grave, together with others that fate had demeaned.*



*The young lad Oliver was adopted by Mr. Brownlow. He became a successful barrister who at last found out about a turning point in Fagin's life and his legacy.*

I AM OLIVER  
TWIST BROWNLOW!  
"NOT LONG AGO I  
HAD THE GOOD LUCK  
TO MARRY ADELE, THE  
GREAT GRAND DAUGHTER  
OF EMMANUEL LOPEZ,  
WHO THREW FAGIN OUT  
OF HIS JEWISH SCHOOL!  
YES...MY WIFE, OUT  
OF LOVE FOR ME, DID  
AGREE TO CONVERT  
TO MY RELIGION  
AND CONCERN  
HERSELF WITH THE  
STORY OF MY LIFE!



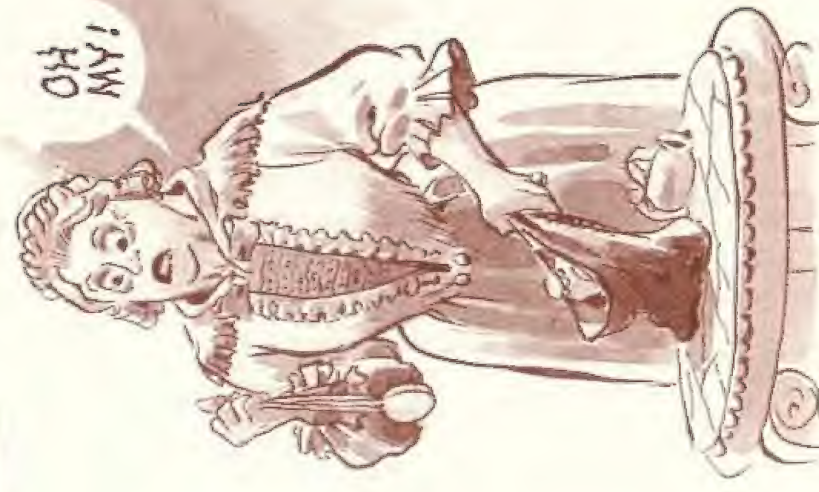


WHEN SHE LEARNED  
OF MY BOYHOOD  
CONNECTION WITH FAGIN,  
SHE WAS ASTONISHED BY  
THE COINCIDENCE...AND  
WELL...PERHAPS, MY  
DEAR, YOU SHOULD  
RELATE THE  
REST...

WELL...BEFORE I WAS BORN,  
ONE EVENING... MY MOTHER AND MY  
GRANDMOTHER, REBECCA, WERE AT THE  
HOME OF THE LATE MR. SALOMON.  
THEY HELPED SETTLE HIS AFFAIRS  
WHEN AN OLD MAN APPEARED AT  
THE DOOR SEEKING TO RETURN  
THINGS STOLEN FROM THE ESTATE  
BY A THIEF NAMED SIKES.











HOGAN...  
IS HE STILL OUT  
THERE...CAN  
YOU CATCH HIM?

WHO  
IS THIS?  
HE'S  
A NICE  
LOOKING  
YOUNG  
BOY!



HOGAN...  
IS HE STILL OUT  
THERE...CAN  
YOU CATCH HIM?

WHO  
IS THIS?  
HE'S  
A NICE  
LOOKING  
YOUNG  
BOY!



IT'S MR. SALOMON'S  
WATCH...BUT  
WHOSE  
PICTURE IS  
ON THE LID?

IT'S  
MOSES  
FAGIN!



HOGAN...  
IS HE STILL OUT  
THERE...CAN  
YOU CATCH HIM?

WHO  
IS THIS?  
HE'S  
A NICE  
LOOKING  
YOUNG  
BOY!



NO, MA'AM.  
HE'S LONG  
GONE!





HOW DID  
THE BEGGAR  
LOOK?...I MEAN,  
DESCRIBE HIM!

SCRUFFY,  
MA'AM,  
A GREY  
BEARD!

FILTHY!

WHY  
IS THIS  
SUCH A  
DISTURBANCE  
TO YOU,  
MOTHER?

IT'S  
A  
LONG  
STORY,  
DEAR.

MANY YEARS AGO  
MY FATHER, EMMANUEL  
LOPEZ, AND ELEAZER  
SALOMON BECAME  
PARTNERS IN A SCHOOL  
FOR POOR JEWISH  
CHILDREN...

MY FATHER OWNED  
THE BUILDING AND SO MR.  
SALOMON PROVIDED THE  
SERVICES OF HIS YOUNG  
HOUSEBOY...A FAVORITE,  
TO KEEP IT CLEAN!



I OFTEN VISITED THE  
SCHOOL, WHERE I MET THE  
YOUNG HOUSEBOY... WE  
FELL IN LOVE!... WE WERE SO  
YOUNG WE CARED NOTHING  
ABOUT CLASS OR PLACE!

ONE DAY MY FATHER  
CAUGHT US KISSING!  
... ENRAGED BY SUCH  
FORWARDNESS, HE  
THREW THE YOUNG MAN  
OUT INTO THE STREET!

WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THE  
BOY?

NO ONE KNEW... HE  
DISAPPEARED INTO THE  
SLUMS OF LONDON!  
MR. SALOMON WAS HEART-  
BROKEN... YOU SEE, HE WAS  
A BACHELOR AND THOUGHT  
OF THE BOY AS HIS SON!

AND IN THE YEARS  
THAT FOLLOWED, I LOOKED  
AFTER THE GRIEVING OLD  
MAN AS A DAUGHTER MIGHT!  
... FINALLY SALOMON DIED  
WITHOUT AN HEIR TO  
HIS GREAT WEALTH!

WHAT  
WAS  
THE  
BOY'S  
NAME?

HIS NAME  
WAS MOSES,  
MOSES  
FAGIN!



MOTHER, HOW  
DID YOU **KNOW**  
THAT THE OLD  
BEGGAR WAS  
**FAGIN?**

NO BEGGAR RETURNS  
LOOT AND DOES NOT  
ACCEPT A REWARD!!  
IT COULD **ONLY** BE FAGIN!  
I KNOW IT!

...AND, OF  
COURSE, THE  
PORTRAIT IN  
THE LID... IT  
LOOKS **EXACTLY**  
AS I REMEMBER  
HIM!

MR. SALOMON HAD THAT  
PORTRAIT MADE OF FAGIN  
AND SHOWED IT WHENEVER  
HE COULD... HOPING SOME-  
ONE MIGHT HAVE SEEN HIM!

SO  
MOSES  
FAGIN  
NEVER  
KNEW HE  
WAS AN  
**HEIR**  
TO  
WEALTH!

HERE, MY DEAR!  
...I GIVE THIS WATCH TO  
**YOU!... KEEP IT!** IN THIS  
WAY MOSES FAGIN  
WILL, SYMBOLICALLY  
AT LEAST, BELONG  
TO A FAMILY!

YES, MOTHER!  
AND I WILL PASS IT ON  
TO MY CHILD!





MY MOTHER  
DIED AS I WAS BORN.  
AS THE FIRST AND ONLY  
CHILD, OF COURSE, I  
RECEIVED THE LOCKET...  
BUT I KNEW NOTHING  
OF FAGIN UNTIL I  
MARRIED OLNER.

ALAS...  
THE ONLY TESTIMONY  
TO HIS LIFE IS  
A BOOK AND A  
PRESUMED HEIRLOOM!





## Afterword

Throughout history, certain fictional characters in our literature have achieved an illusion of reality due to their popularity. In the main, they became enduring stereotypes and influenced social judgment. Shylock the Jew and Sherlock Holmes the detective are classic examples.

Fagin, created by Charles Dickens in *Oliver Twist*, ultimately became one such "profile" of a Jew that embedded itself in popular culture and prejudice. In truth, the author never intended to defame the Jewish people, but by referring to Fagin as "the Jew" throughout the book he abetted the prejudice against them. Over the years, *Oliver Twist* became a staple of juvenile literature, and the stereotype was perpetuated.

Despite his treatment of Fagin, Charles Dickens maintained that he was not an anti-Semite. He did use anti-Jewish epithets and offhand remarks in his letters and conversation, which were common in the language of the era. Dickens once referred to Richard Benteley, his (Gentile) English publisher, as

"a thundering old Jew." However, in books such as *A Child's History of England*, he deems "cruel and inexcusable" the persecution and expulsion of Jews by Edward I in 1290. Later, he condemned the well-known Thomas Carlyle's aversion to Jews. In a speech to the Westminster Jewish Free School in 1854, Dickens proclaimed, "I do my part in the assertion of their [Jews'] civil rights. . . . I have expressed strong abhorrence of their persecution in old time."

The following segments from Dickens's foreword to the third edition of *Oliver Twist* in 1841 indicate his intentions by explaining his use of Fagin for the role and by implication justifying his use of the label "Jew" to describe him.

*The greater part of this tale was originally published in a magazine. When I completed it and put it forth in its present form three years ago, I fully expected it would be objected to on some very high moral grounds in some very high moral quarters.*



*The result did not fail to prove the justice of my anticipations.*

*It is, it seems, a very coarse and shocking circumstance, that some of the characters in these pages are chosen from the most criminal and degraded of London's population; that Sikes is a thief and Fagin a receiver of stolen goods; that the boys are pick-pockets and the girl is a prostitute.*

*It appeared to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really do exist; to paint them in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid poverty of their lives; to show them as they really are, forever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great, black, ghastly gallows closing up their prospects, turn them where they may; it appeared to me that to do this, would be to attempt something which was greatly needed and which would be a service to society. And therefore I did it as best I could.*

Further, after receiving a letter of complaint from Mrs. Eliza Davis, the wife of a Jewish banker, about twenty years later, Dickens tried to eliminate most of the frequent references to Fagin as a Jew in an 1867 edition of *Oliver Twist*. This, however, was too late, for the earlier and well-distributed popular editions still in use today contain the earlier version that uses "Jew" to refer to Fagin.

Nonetheless, I believe that Dickens's stated intention to describe the conditions of the time places the burden of reportorial accuracy upon him. It has always troubled me that Fagin "the Jew" never got fair treatment, and I challenge Charles Dickens and his illustrator, George Cruikshank, for their

description and delineation of Fagin as a classic stereotypical Jew. I believe this depiction was based on ill-considered evidence, imitation, and popular ignorance. Cartoonists certainly understand how easy it is to rely on a common image in the visual language to portray a character, but like the mistakes of illustrators before him, Cruikshank's misuse of a necessary staple in portraying Fagin, one that was so common to contemporary publications, is a contribution to further reprehensible stereotyping of Jews by bigots throughout history.

The Jewish community of London around 1800 consisted of two main groups, the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim. The Sephardim originally came from Portugal and Spain to settle in England after fleeing the Spanish Inquisition. Because they were mostly educated, they were able to achieve an acceptable position in the English community. England was attractive to Jews because it was then one of the more liberal societies, with some religious tolerance and an accessible legal system. The Sephardim assimilated easily and for the most part became professionals, tradesmen, and financiers. Their numbers increased over the years with the arrival of others who had also fled Spain but had sought refuge in Holland. The growth of a lively trade between London and Amsterdam led to an increase in Jewish immigration.

Until about 1700, the Sephardim were the dominant Jewish population in England, but the "lower class" who arrived during the eighteenth century were mostly Ashkenazim. They came from Germany and



Middle Europe, where they had lived in small villages until driven out by intolerance, repression, and pogroms. Rural life and peasant culture had rendered them less educated and cruder in their ways. As a result, when they arrived in London they had difficulty assimilating. Like all new, poor immigrant arrivals throughout history, they clung to old ghetto habits and social behavior. Impoverished and illiterate, they took up marginal occupations in the grimier quarters of London. It is reasonable to assume that Fagin came from such origins.

In my opinion, the limning of Jews by illustrators of Dickens's time was most likely inaccurate with regard to Fagin's appearance. Because of their Eastern European origins, Ashkenazic Jews likely had features that had come to resemble the German physiognomy. There were many blond Jews, as a result of rapes that occurred during pogroms. However, the popular illustrations of Jews, including Cruikshank's, were based on the appearance of the Sephardim, whose features when they arrived were sharper, with dark hair and complexions, the result of their four-hundred-year sojourn among the Latin and Mediterranean peoples. The careless disregard of this demography and its impact on cultural acceptance made it necessary to reintroduce Fagin at long last.

The lithograph prints and etchings that were popular in England in the eighteenth century provided the public with satirical commentary on social life of the day. They were sold, sometimes even by Jewish peddlers, on the streets of English cities, in

print shops, and in book stalls. These were generally collected in albums or hung in dens, libraries, or workplaces.

In Charles Dickens's time, the most popular creators of these prints included Thomas Rowlandson, Henry Wigstead, George Woodward, Isaac Cruikshank (father of George Cruikshank, who illustrated *Oliver Twist*), and James Gilray. Like the great English artist Hogarth before them, they enjoyed considerable professional stature and popular fame. It was their delineations that contributed to the perpetuation of the negative stereotype of Jews and that provide a record of the public perceptions of that time.

In America during the twentieth century, this genre of illustration and cartoon appeared in newspapers, humor magazines, and family publications that catered to the public taste. Because of this country's large immigrant population the ethnic caricatures were less vitriolic but persisted nevertheless. The influential political drawings by Thomas Nast and fellow political cartoonists that dwelt on the stereotypes of corrupt politicians were successors to their English forerunners. The more social observations of Charles Dana Gibson and James Montgomery Flagg used depictions that mostly avoided exaggerated ethnic characterization.

I include below several examples of prints and illustrations from that period, which demonstrate the limning of Jews by the eighteenth-century illustrators who were most influential at that time.

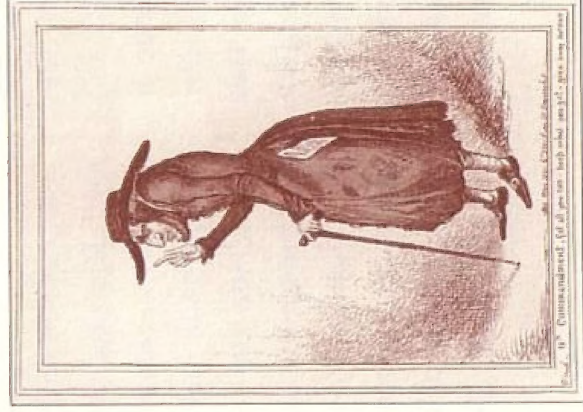
My version of Fagin is, I believe, a more truthful stereotype.





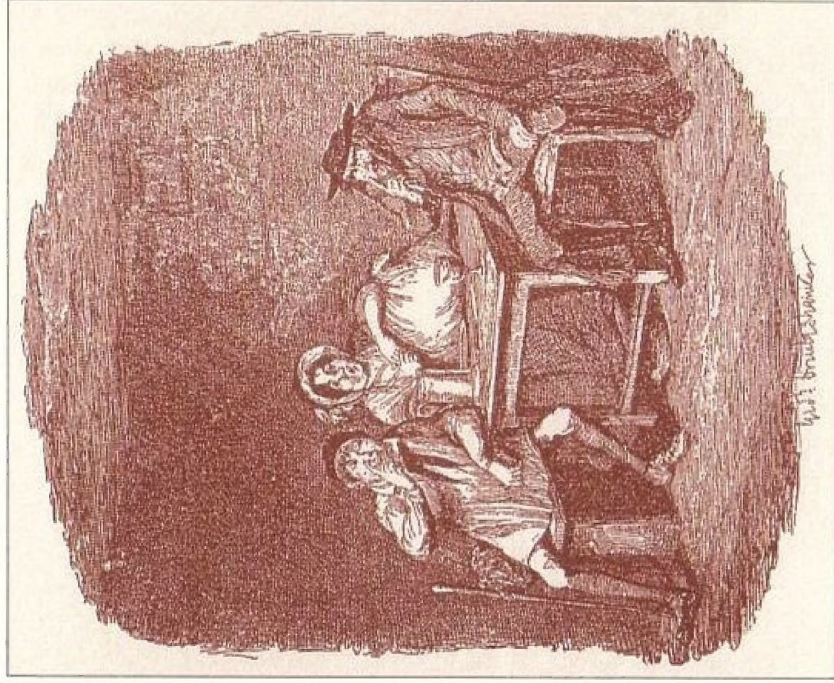
An aquatint etching by Henry Wigstead (1785) showing two Jewish old-clothes dealers in London buying clothes from a domestic. The title, "Traffic," is accompanied by dialogue.

Two etchings by Thomas Rowlandson (1808) in which Jews are shown as typical of their trade. Rowlandson was a very popular cartoonist of the time.



These two published prints, "I've Got de Monish" (circa 1792) and "Commandment, get all you can" (circa 1830), are examples of popular images that were widely sold in London. They helped create the accepted public stereotype of a Jew.





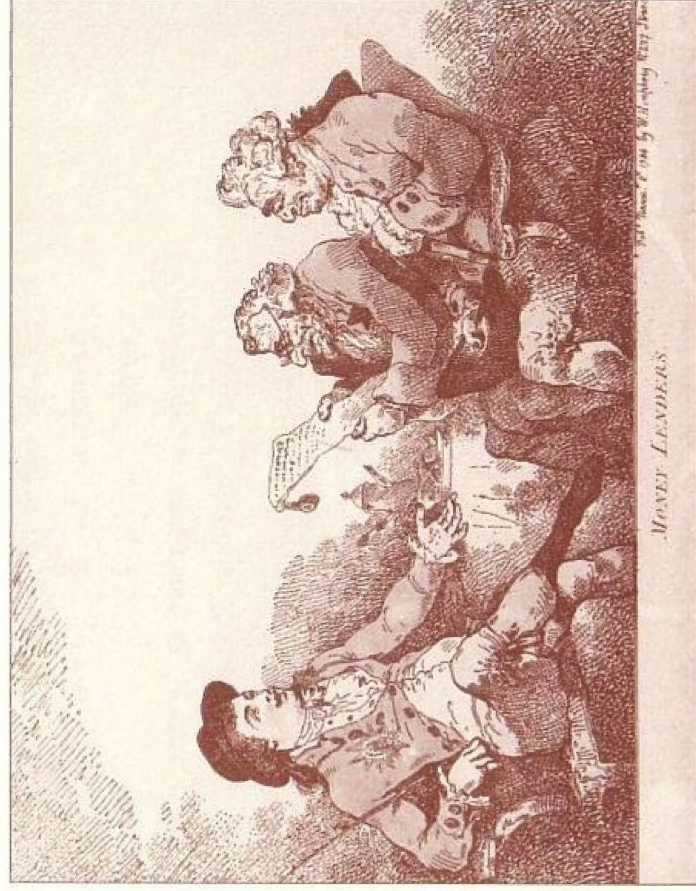
"A Jew and a Bishop"



In Cruikshank's version of Fagin, he shows a "Sephardic" physiognomy. My version of Fagin is based on the more Germanic face, which I believe is more truthful.



"Money Lenders"



Isaac Cruikshank (left) and Thomas Rowlandson (above) continually characterized Jews as having physiognomies different from Gentiles.





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